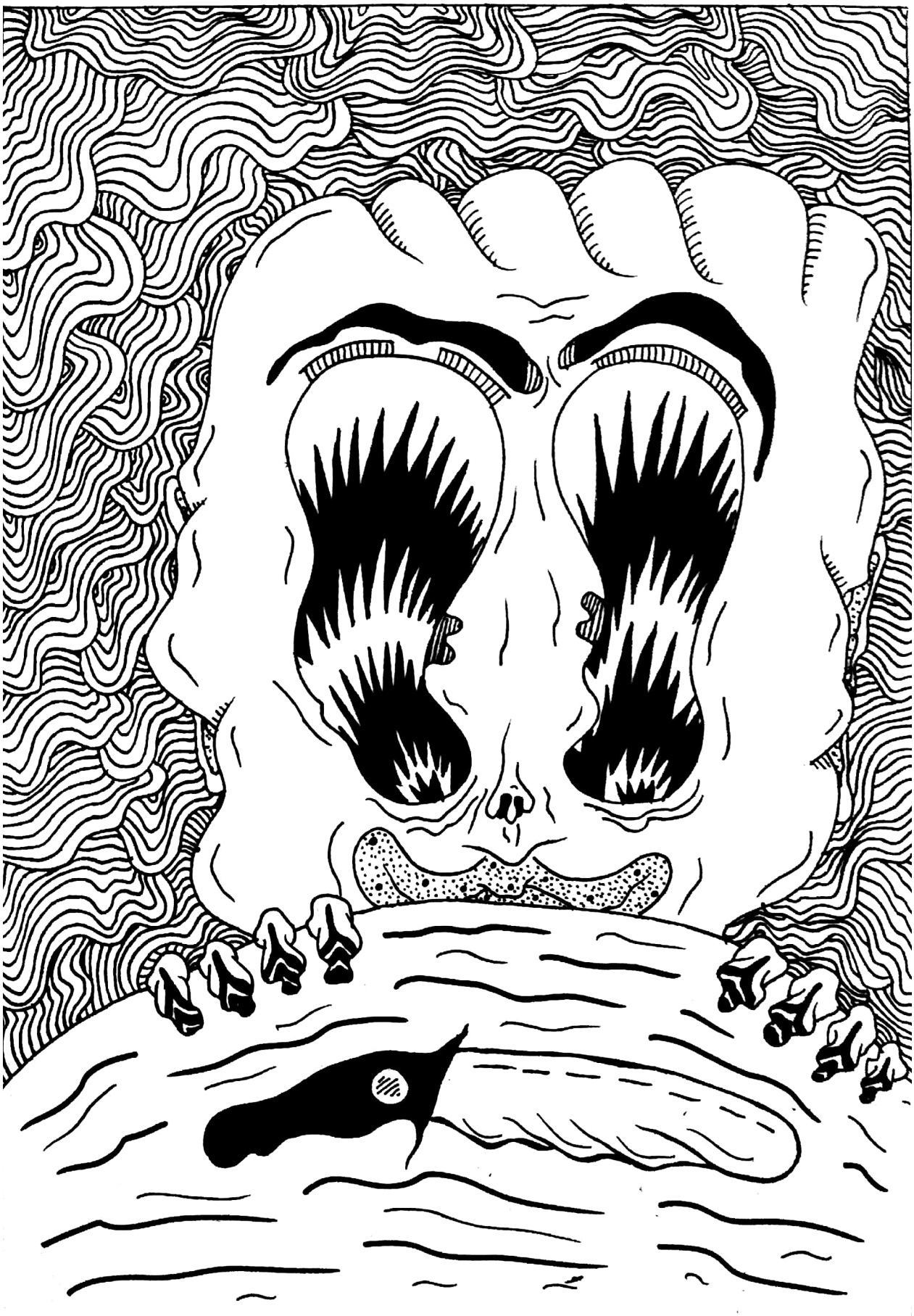
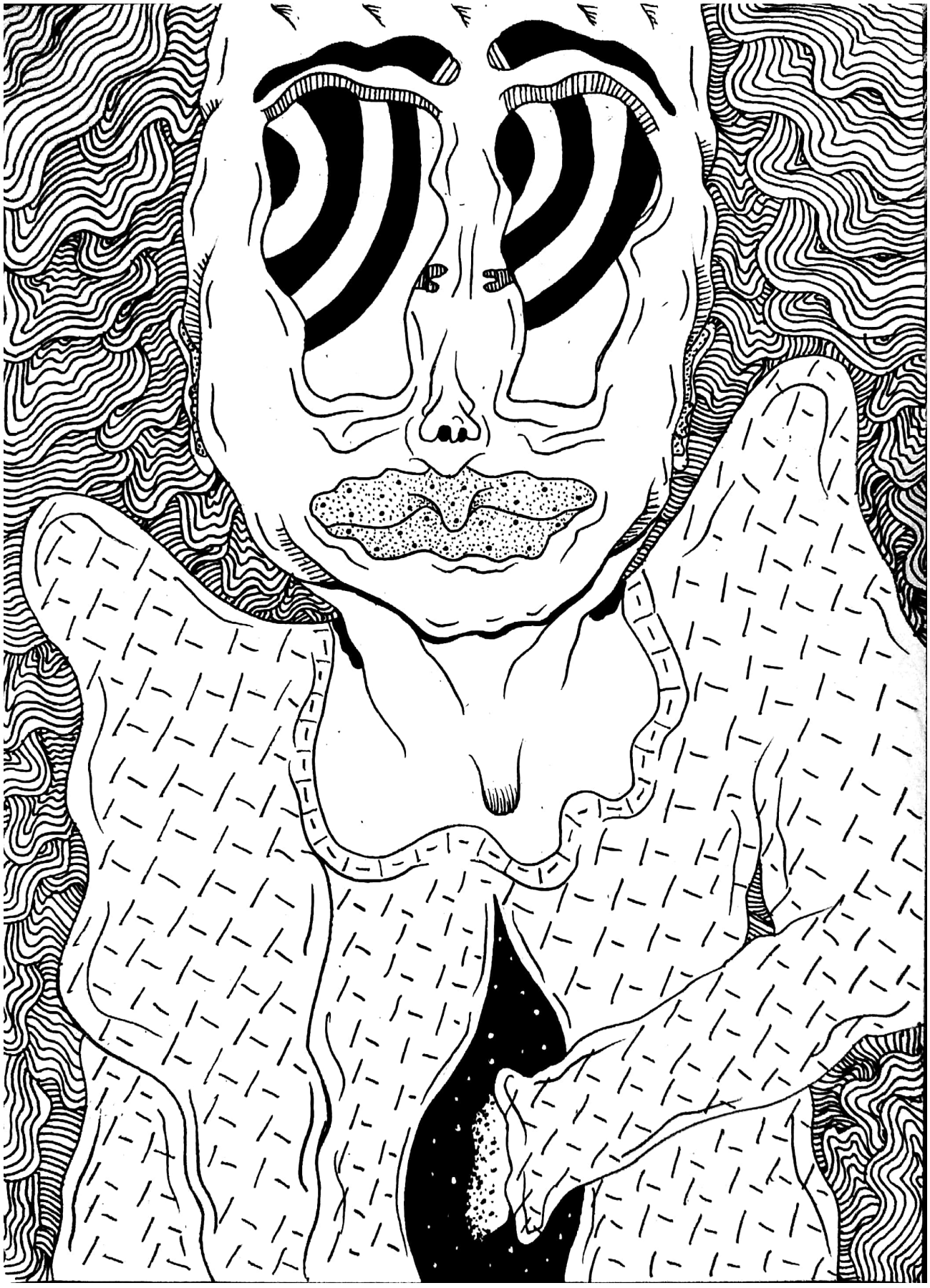
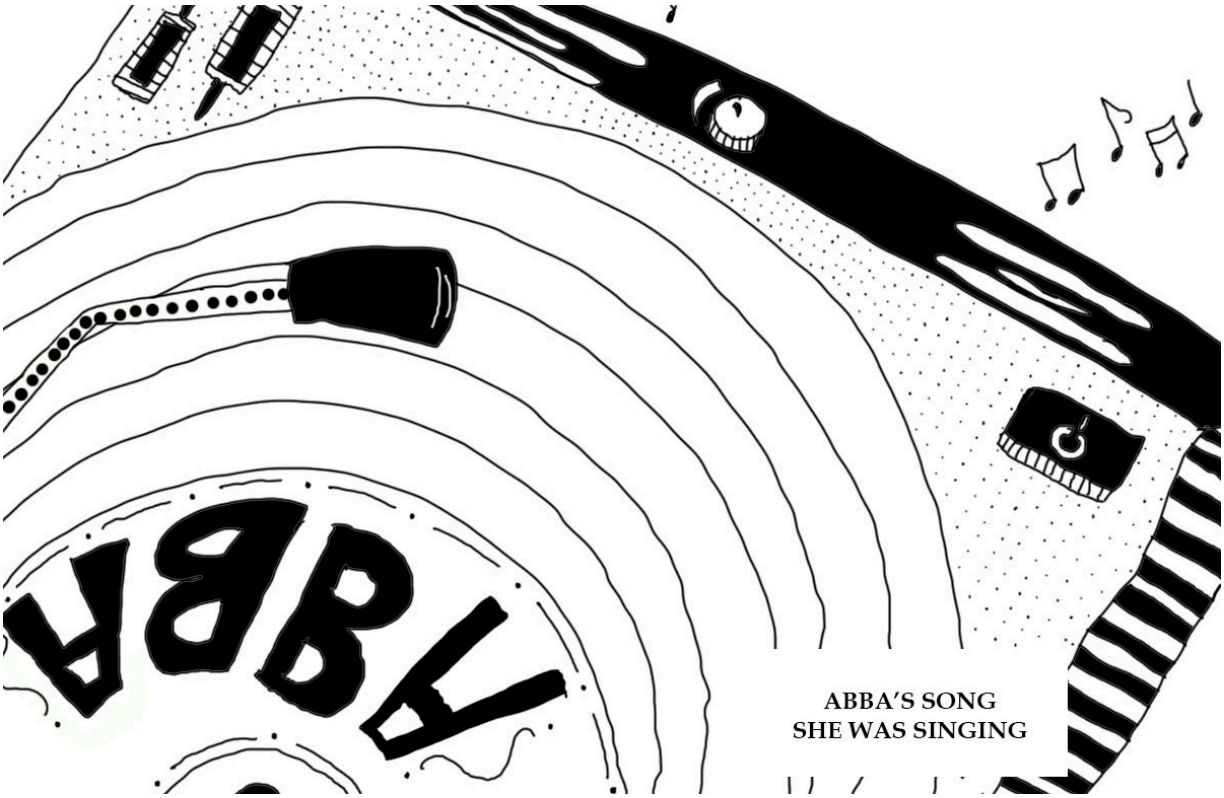
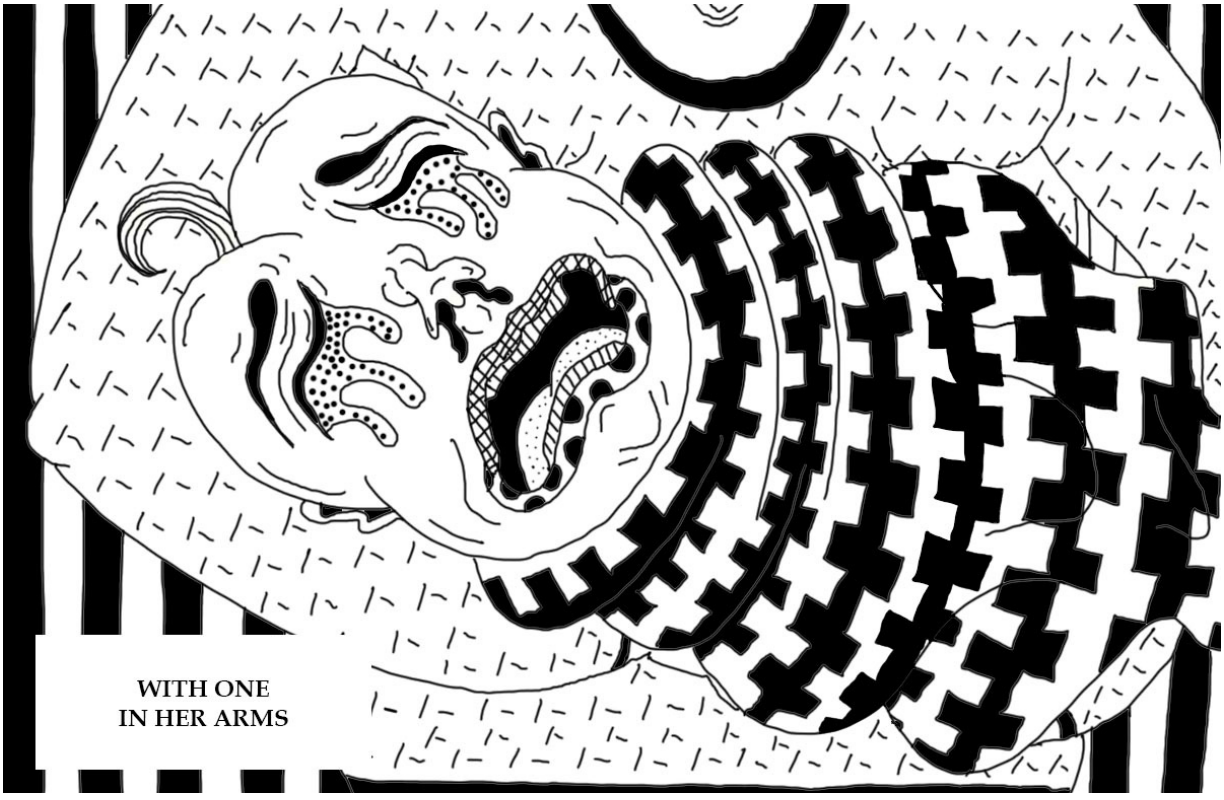
SALAD



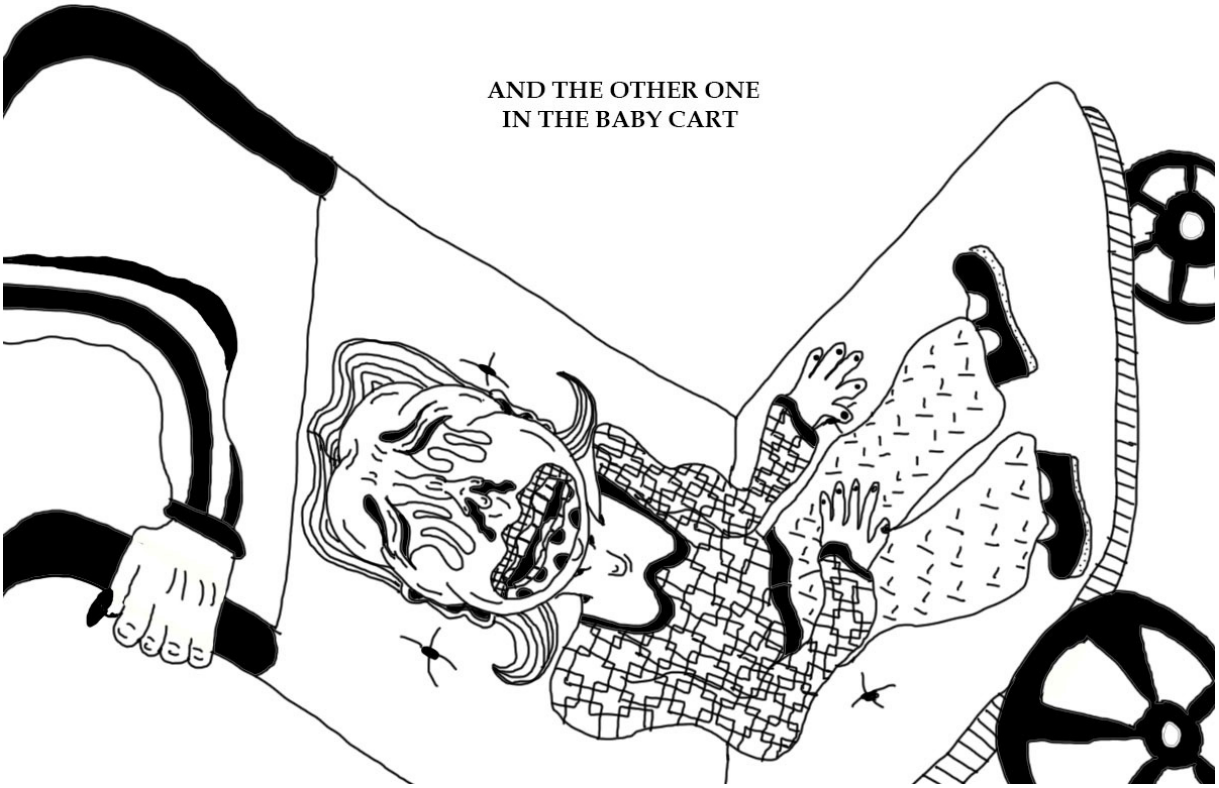


LOOK
NOTHING

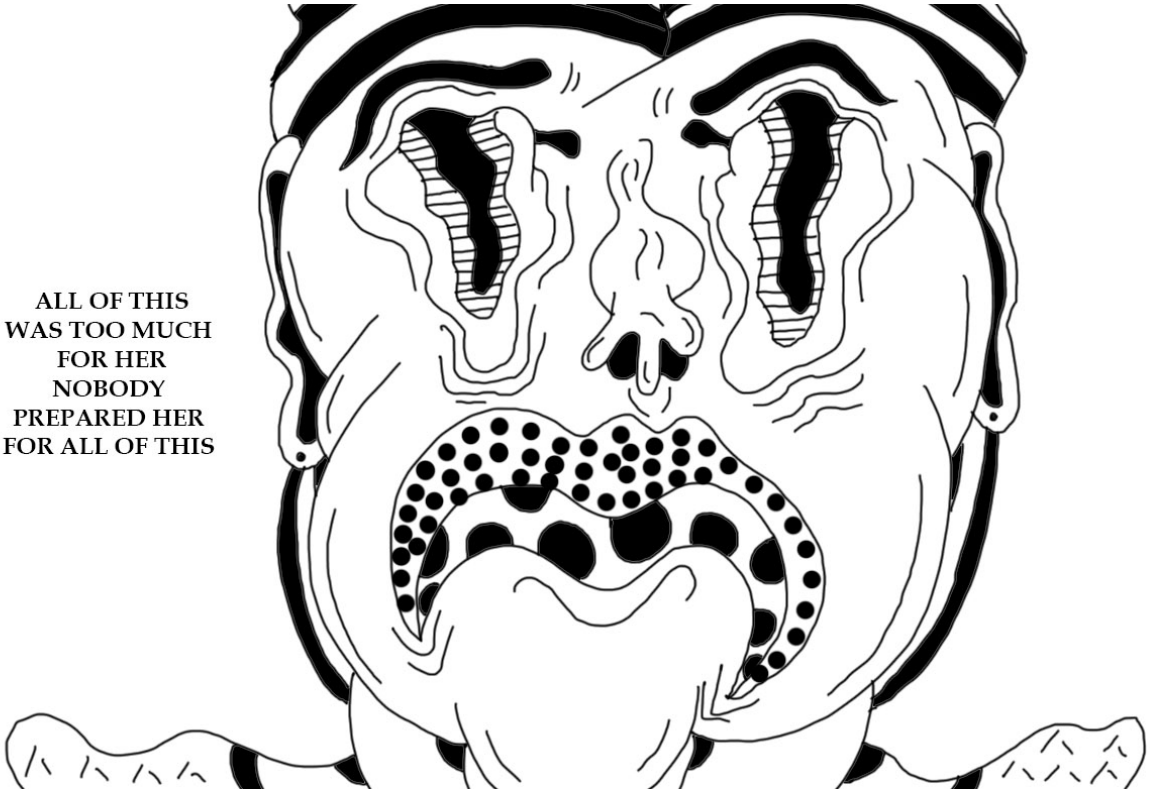

ABBA
ABBA'S SONG
SHE WAS SINGING


WITH ONE
IN HER ARMS

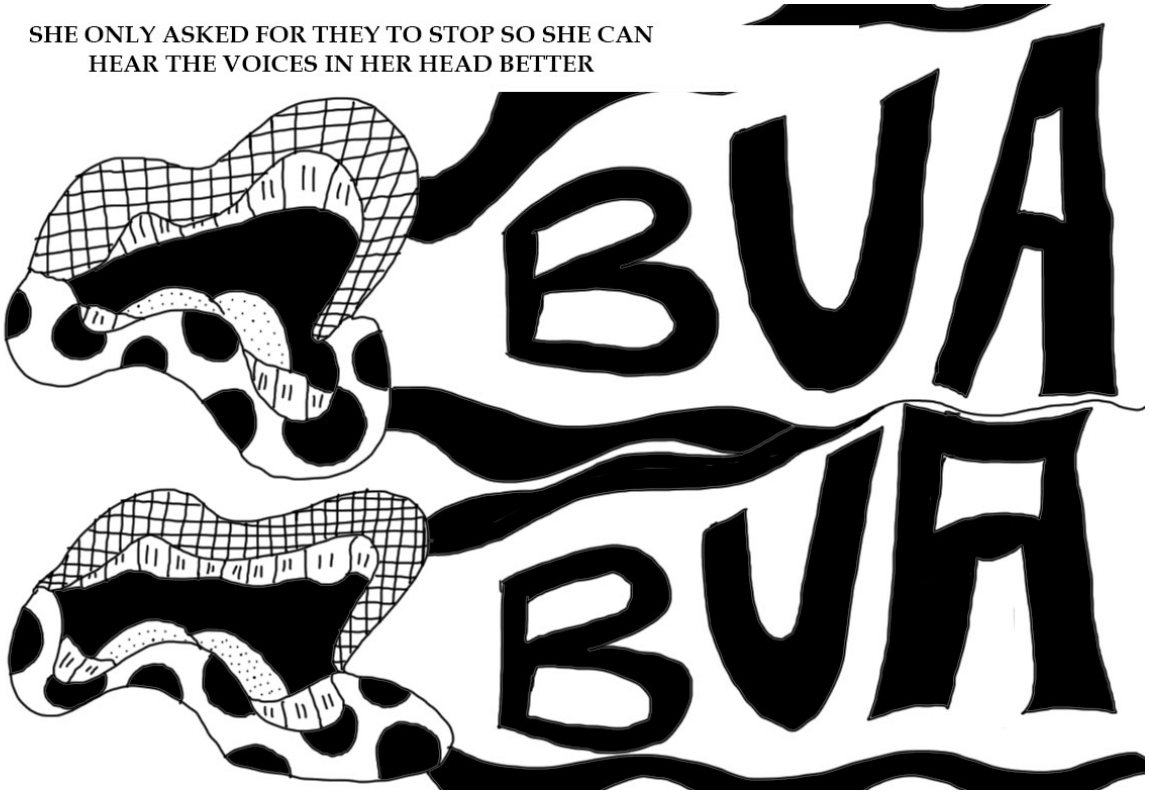
AND THE OTHER ONE
IN THE BABY CART

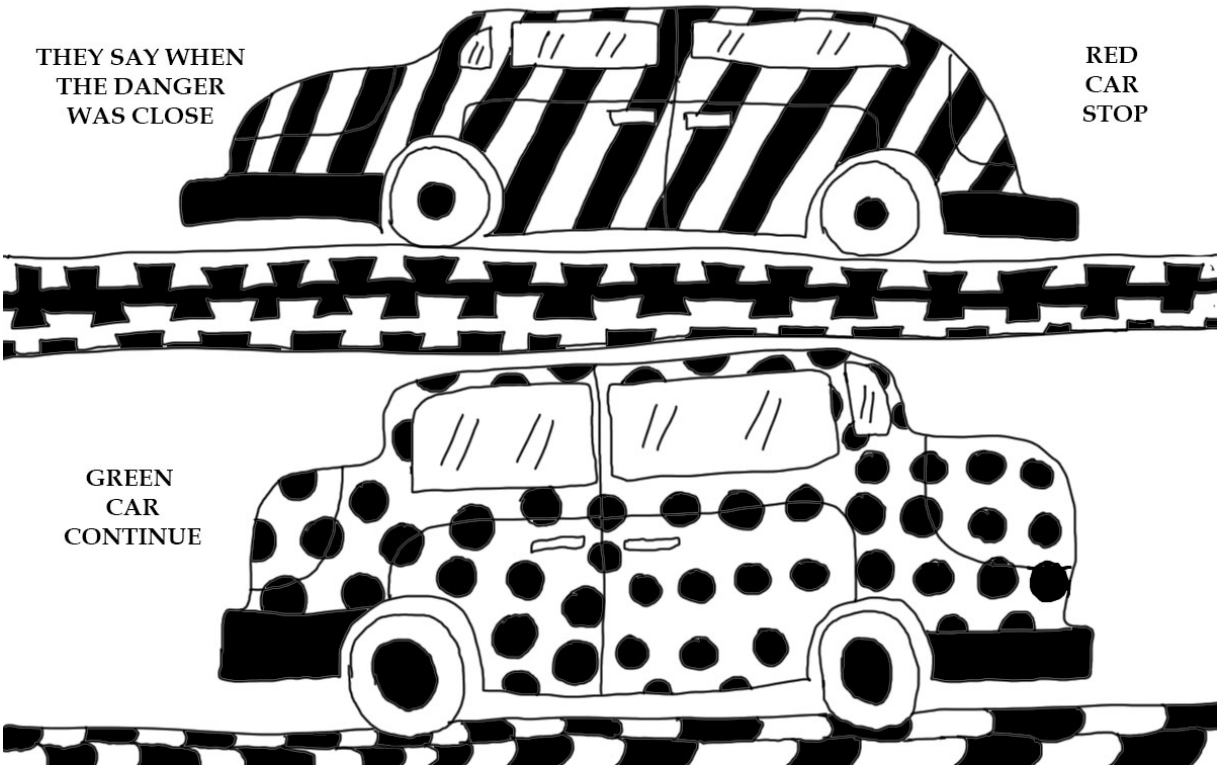


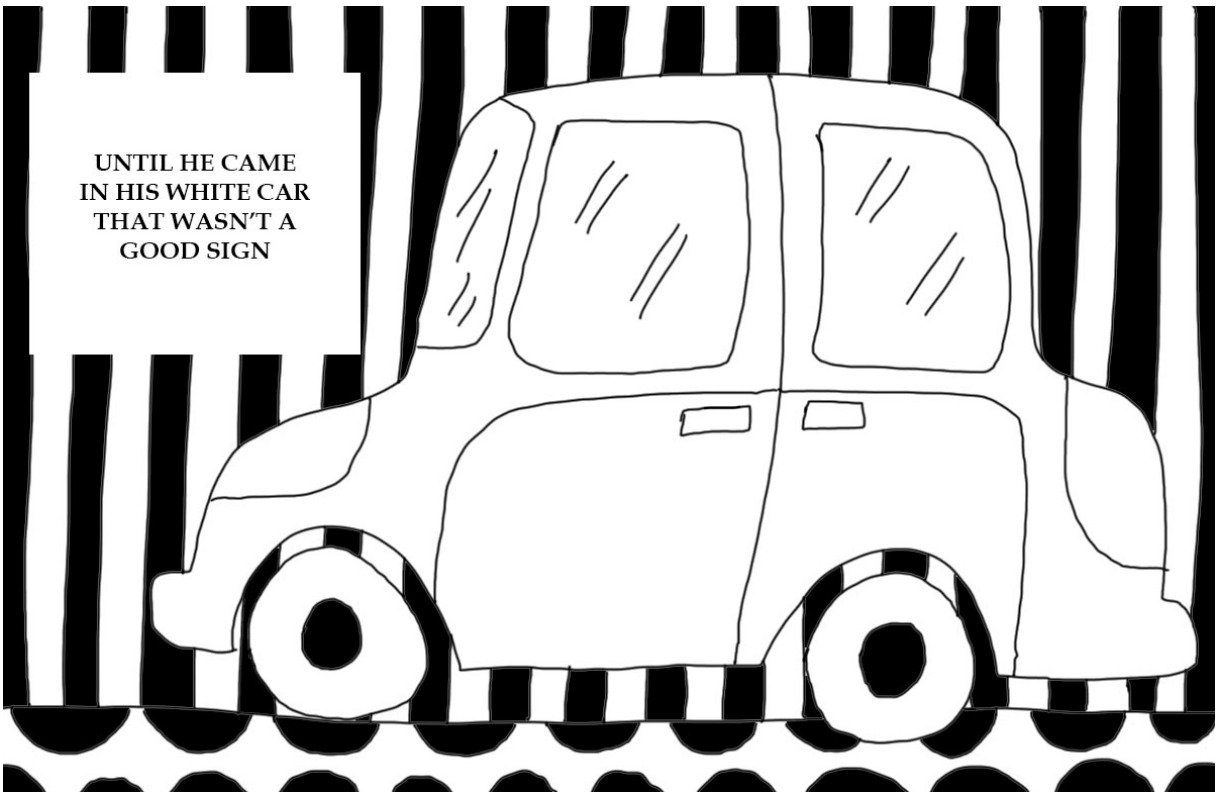
ALL OF THIS
WAS TOO MUCH
FOR HER
NOBODY
PREPARED HER
FOR ALL OF THIS

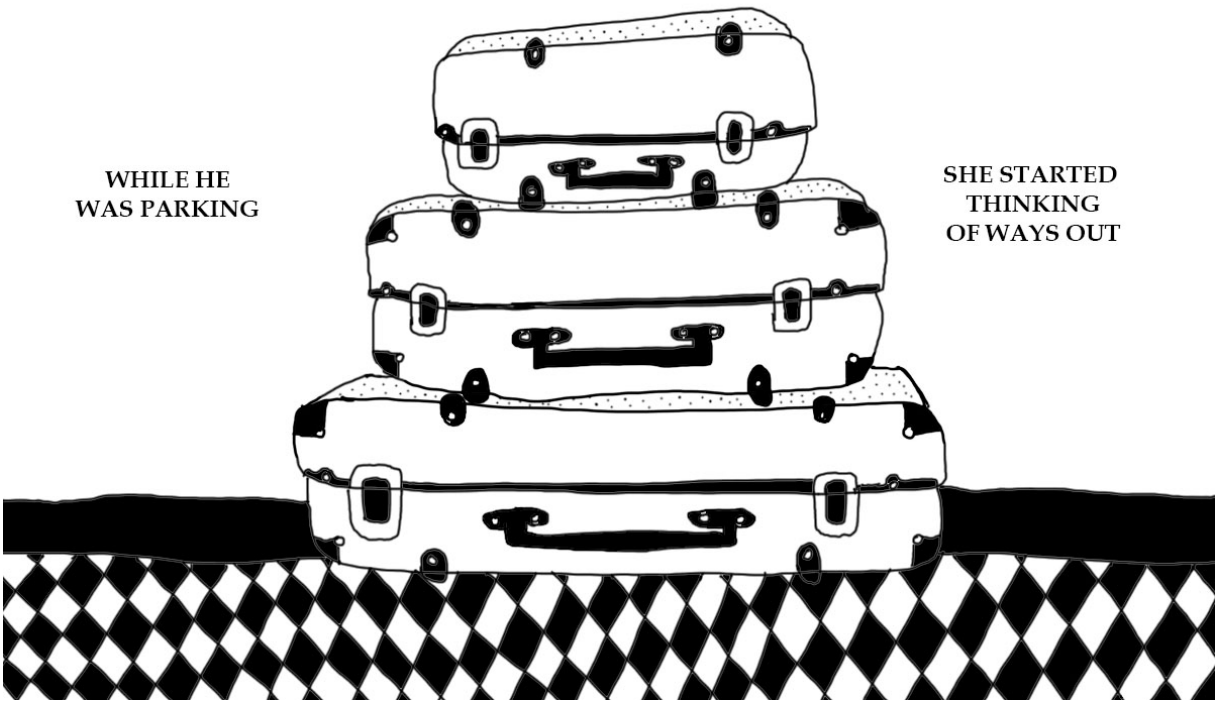


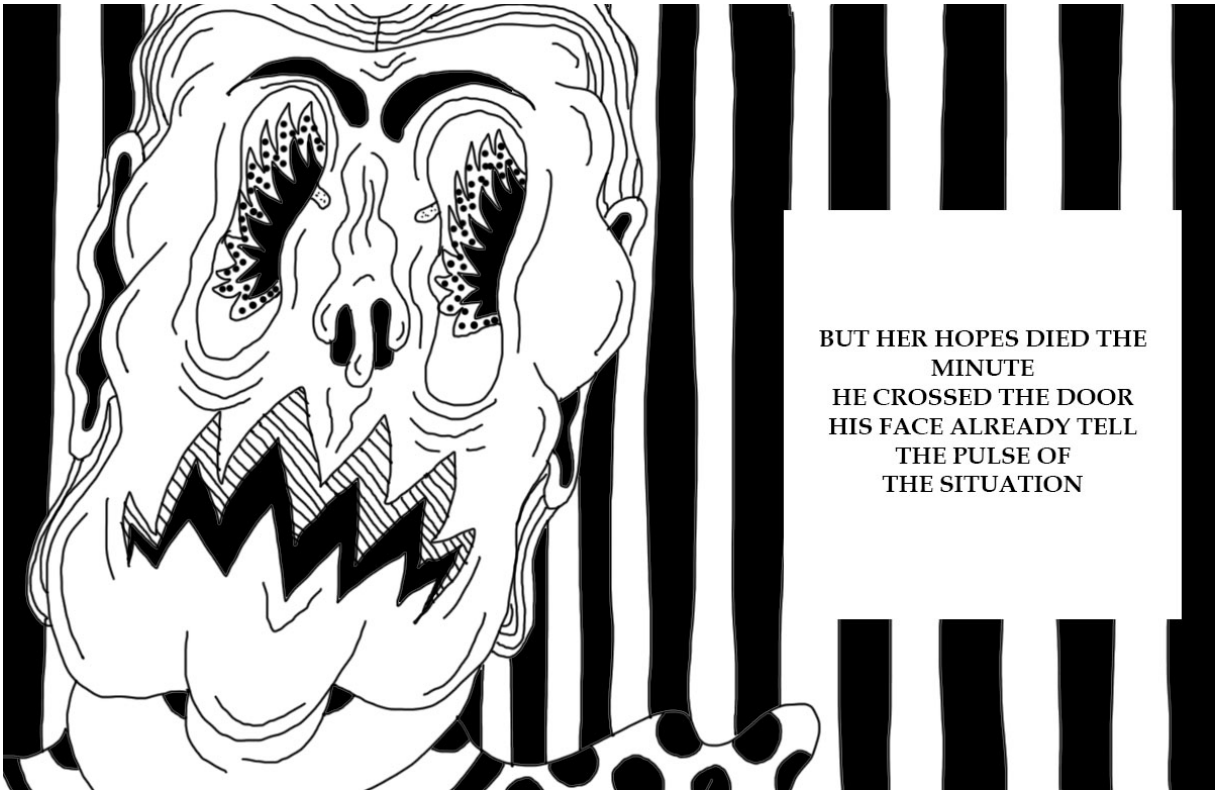
SHE ONLY ASKED FOR THEY TO STOP SO SHE CAN HEAR THE VOICES IN HER HEAD BETTER



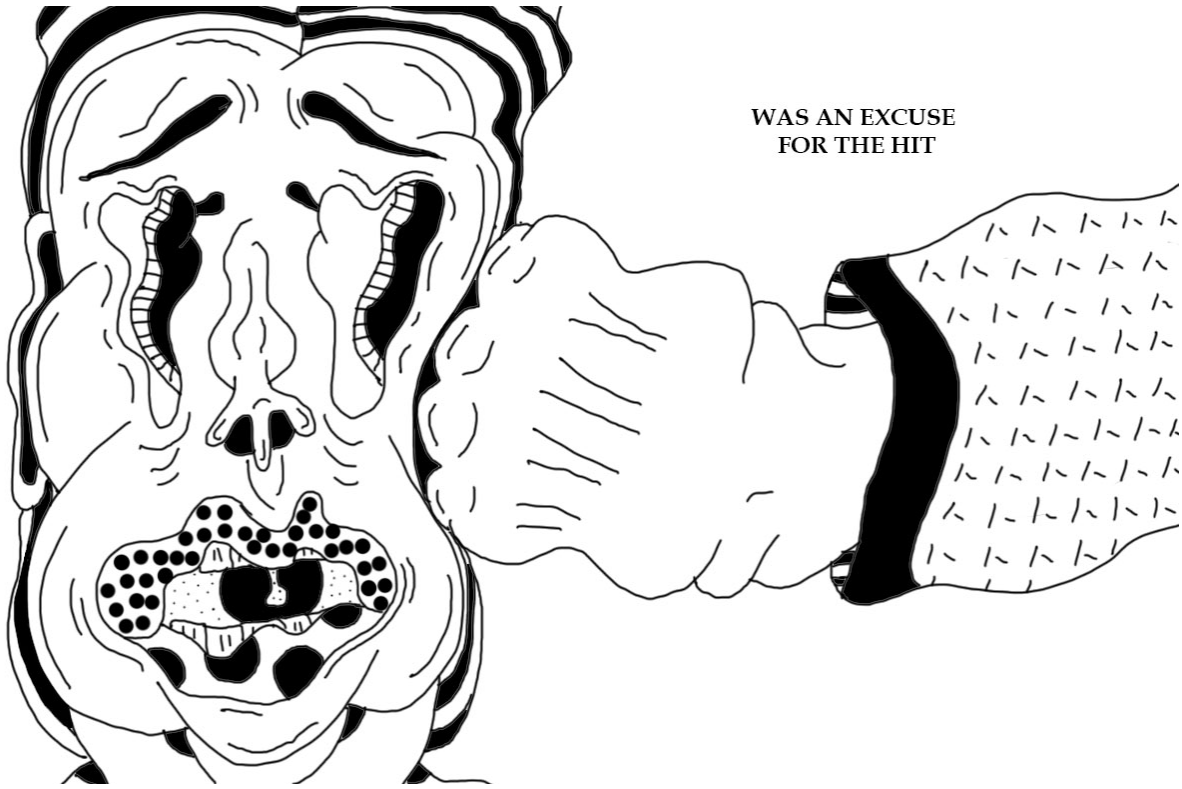



UNTIL HE CAME
IN HIS WHITE CAR
THAT WASN'T A
GOOD SIGN


WHILE HE
WAS PARKING
SHE STARTED
THINKING
OF WAYS OUT

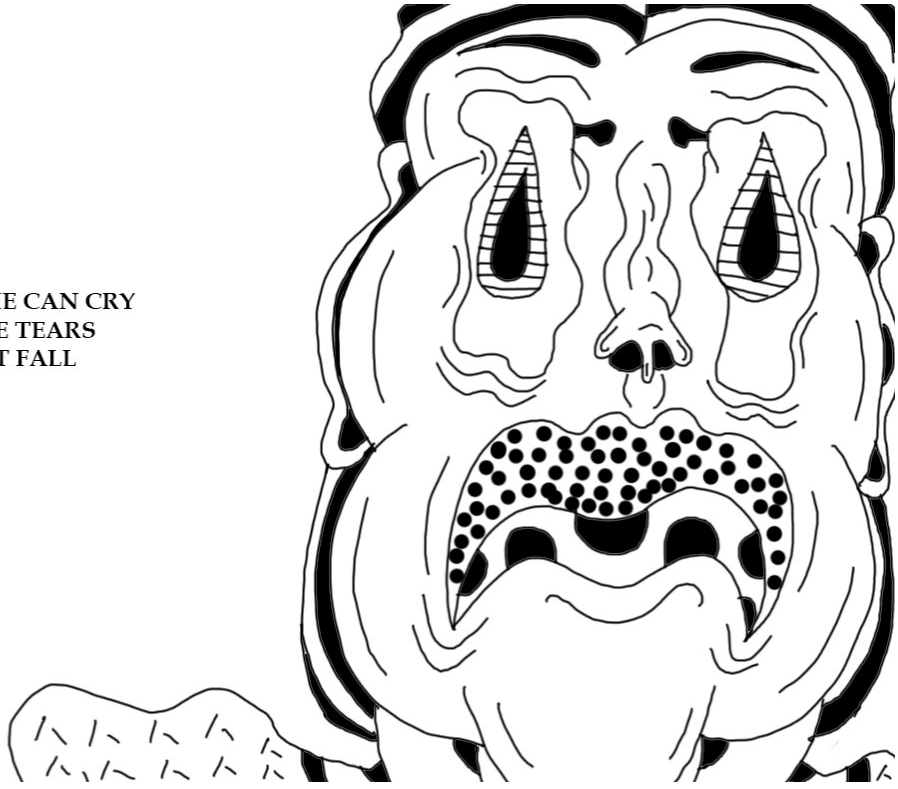

BUT HER HOPES DIED THE
MINUTE
HE CROSSED THE DOOR
HIS FACE ALREADY TELL
THE PULSE OF
THE SITUATION

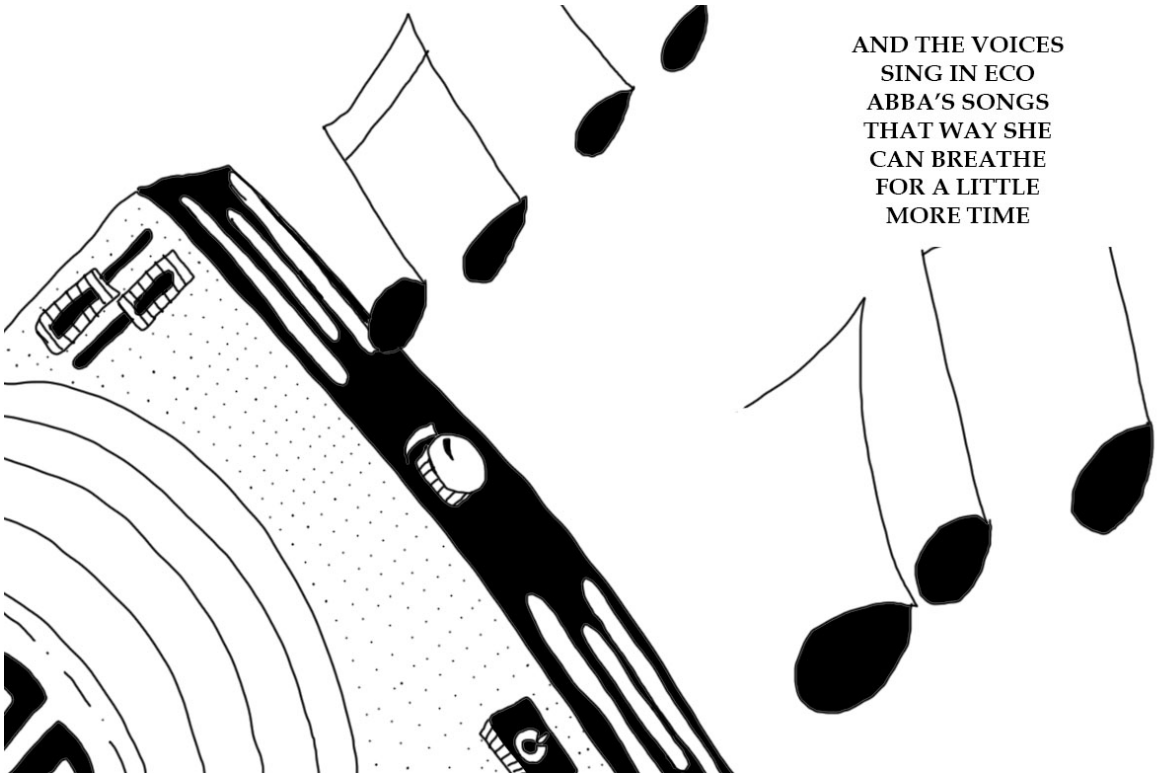
SHE DID EVERYTHING SHE COULD BUT
A TABLE DISORGANIZED
A BABY CRYING
A REPEATED DINNER



WAS AN EXCUSE
FOR THE HIT

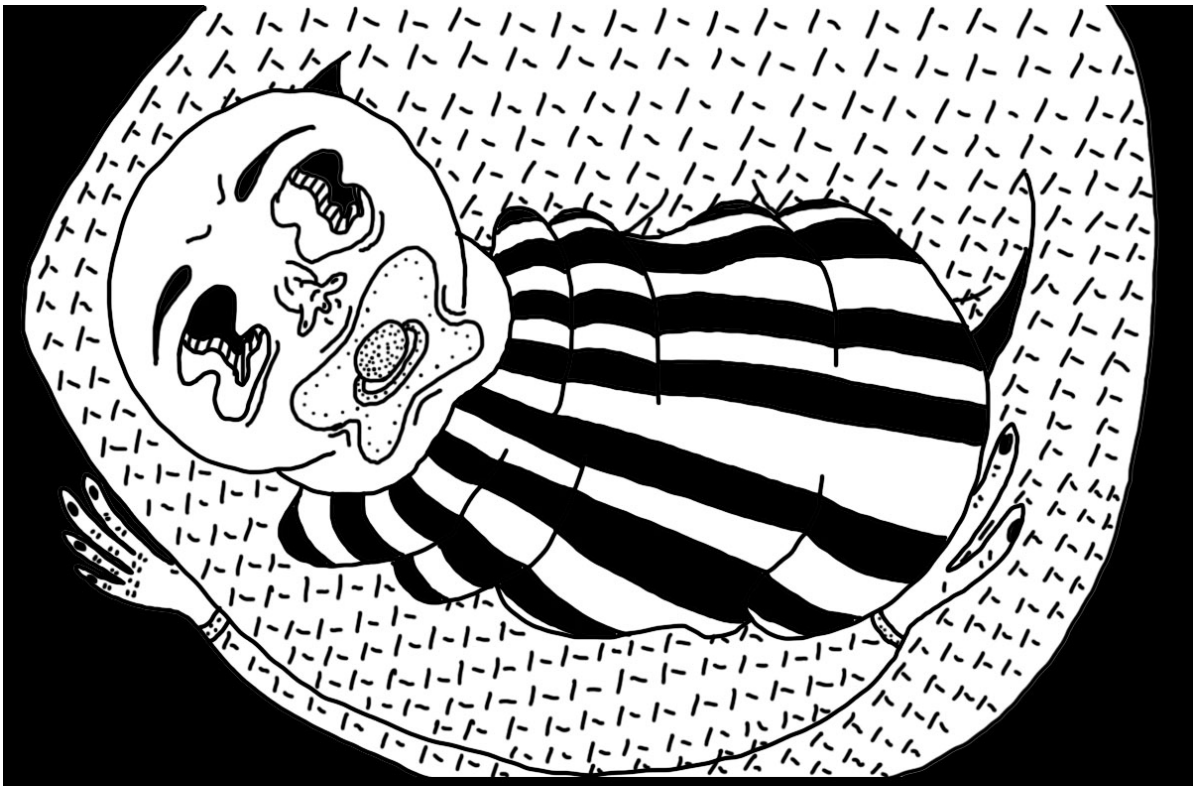
IF ONLY SHE CAN CRY
BUT THE TEARS
DON'T FALL




AND THE VOICES
SING IN ECO
ABBA'S SONGS
THAT WAY SHE
CAN BREATHE
FOR A LITTLE
MORE TIME

Hoy todas sus memorias se murieron

Me pregunto cuales habrá visto antes de morir



¿Habrá visto nuestros nacimientos?

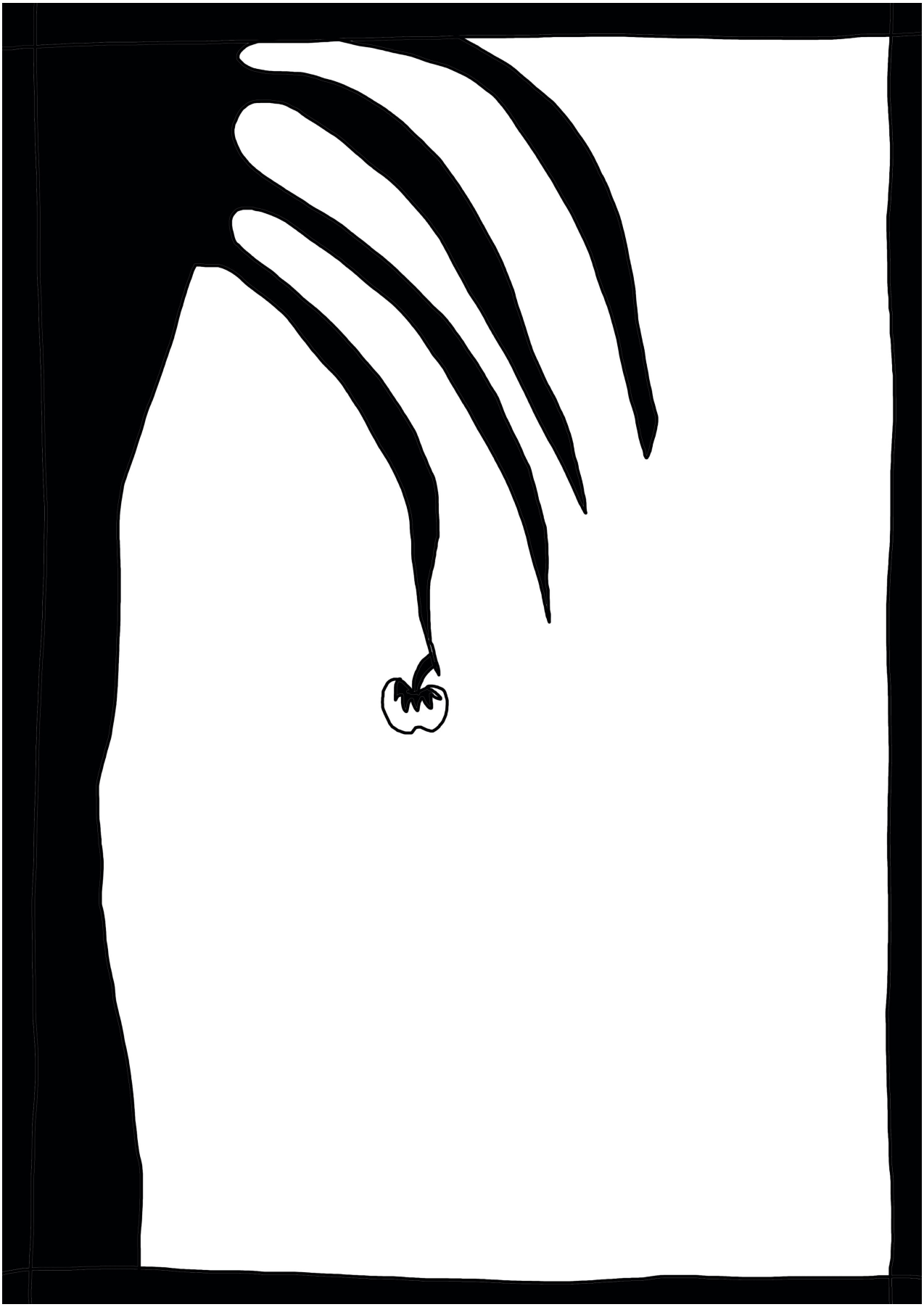
¿Habrá visto un vestido blanco lleno de desamor?

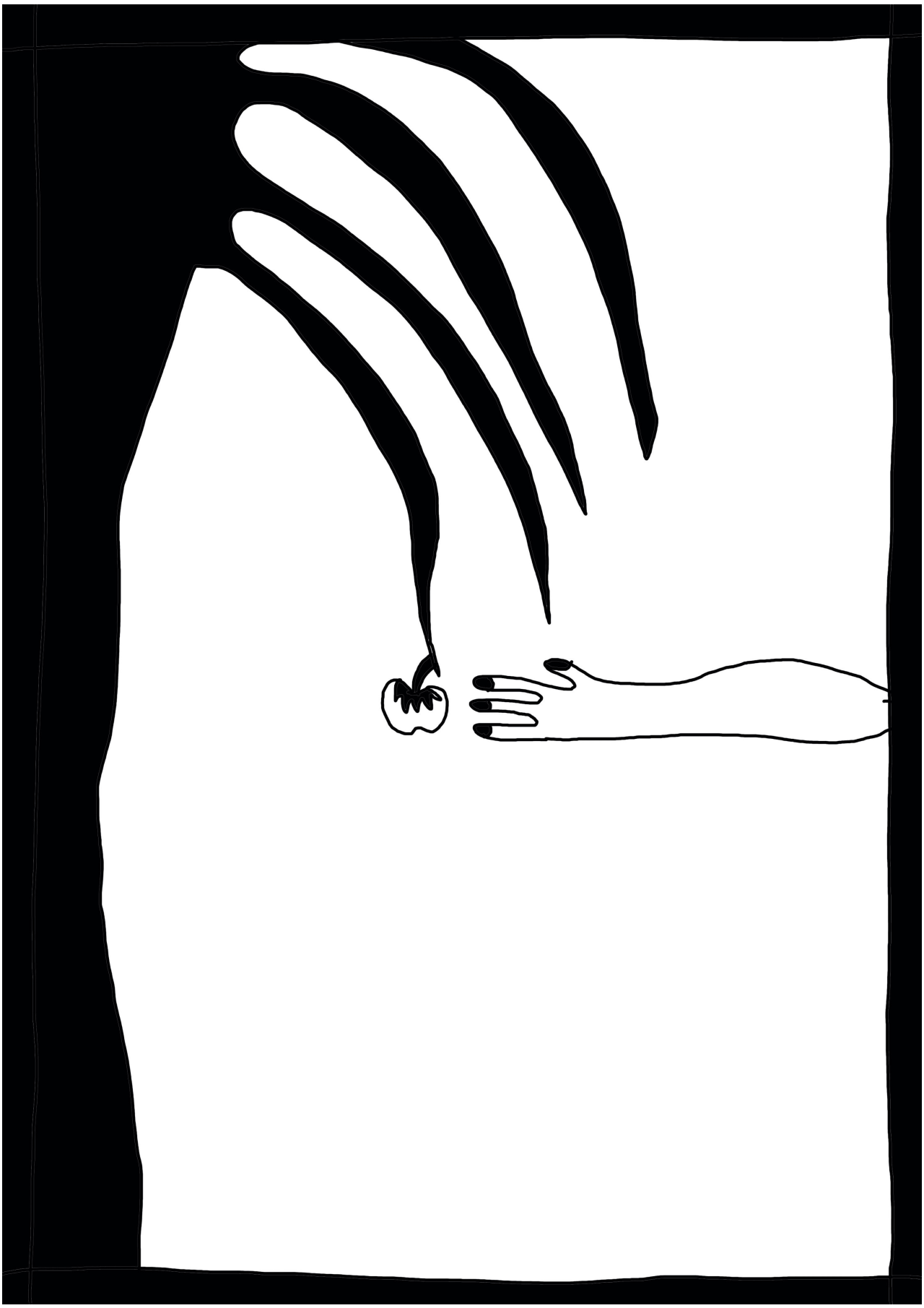
¿Habrá visto sus primeros antipsicóticos?

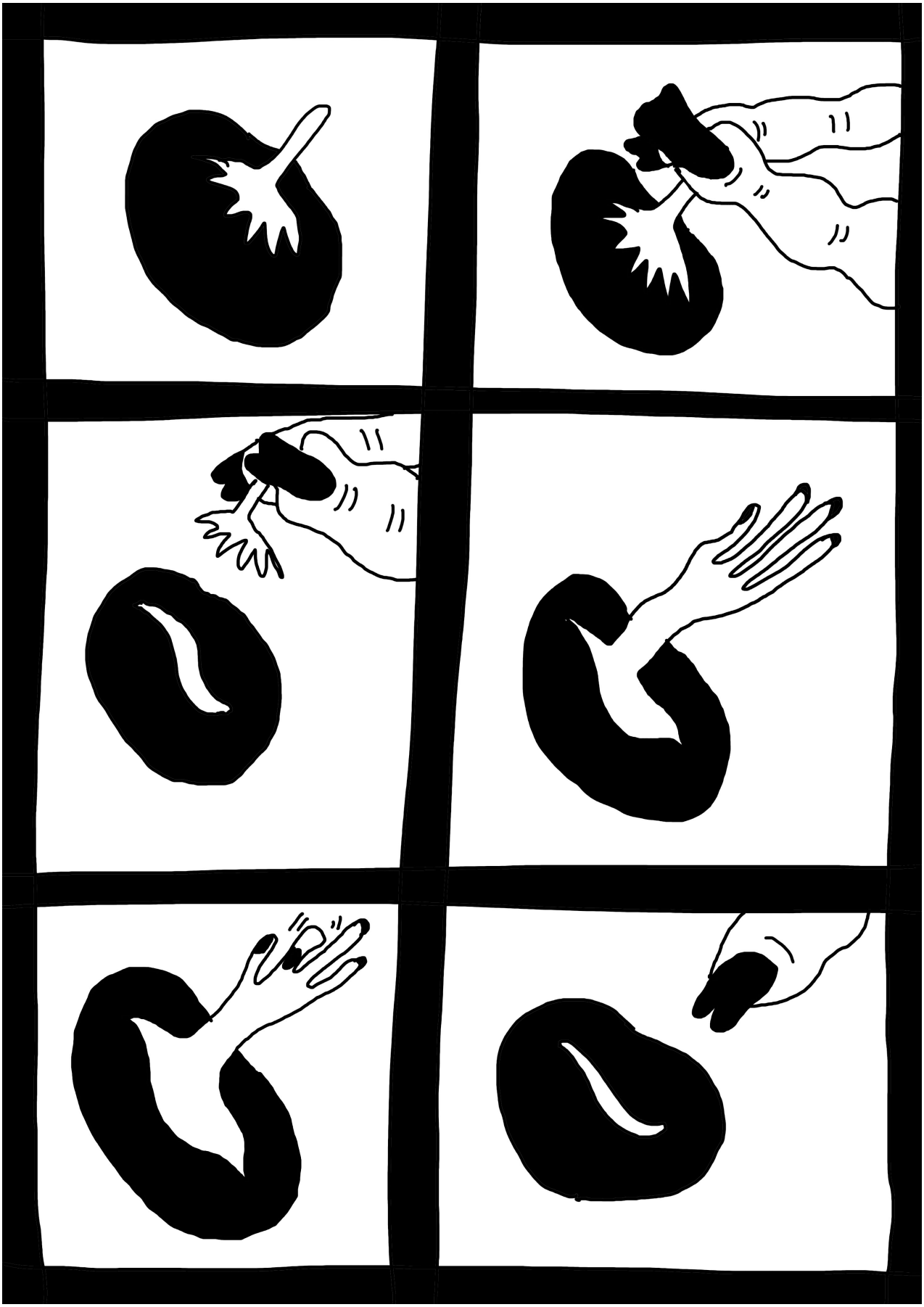
¿Habrá visto una bruja reptiliana
o solo quedaron como suspiros en su mente?

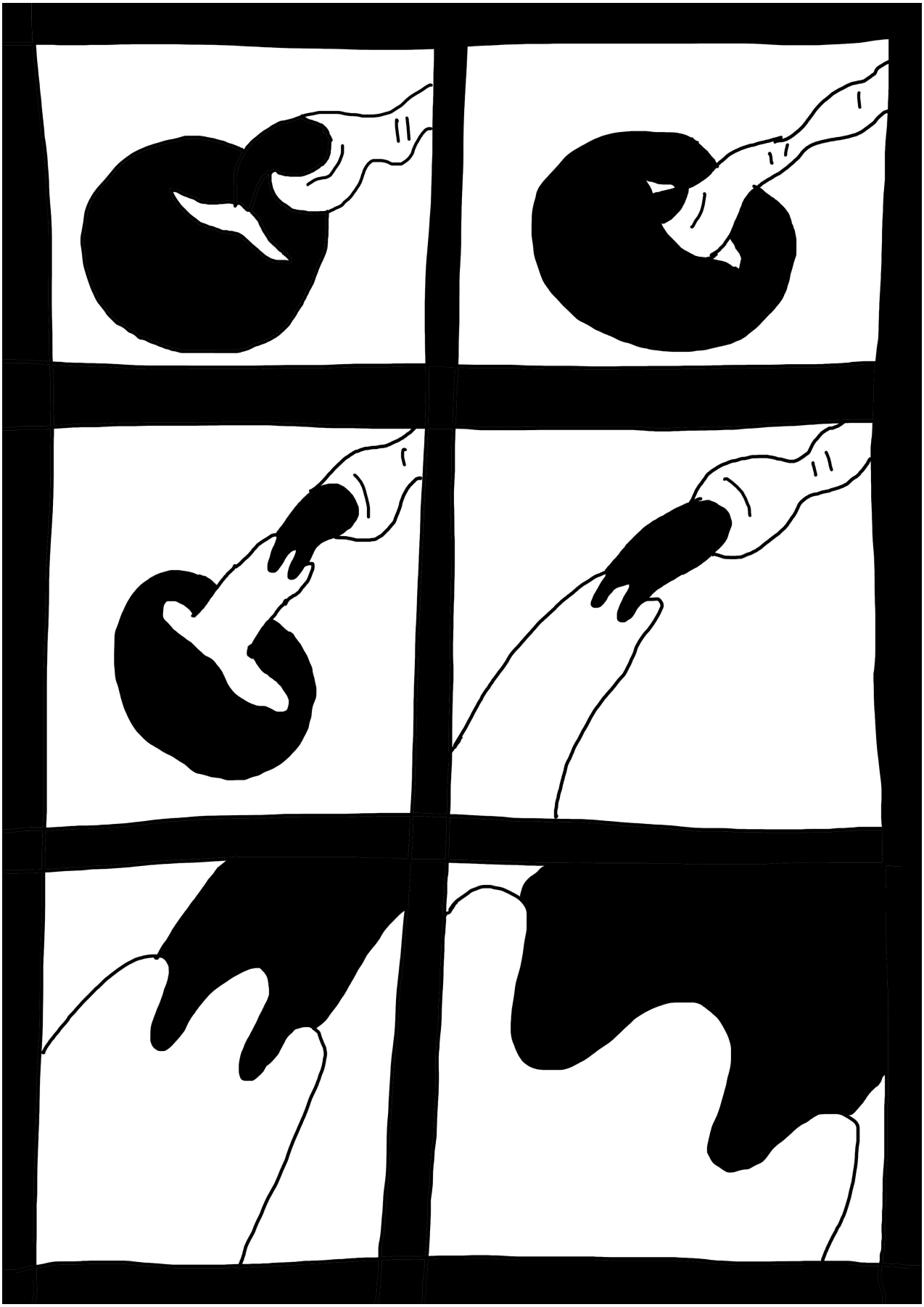
¿Habrá visto a dios?

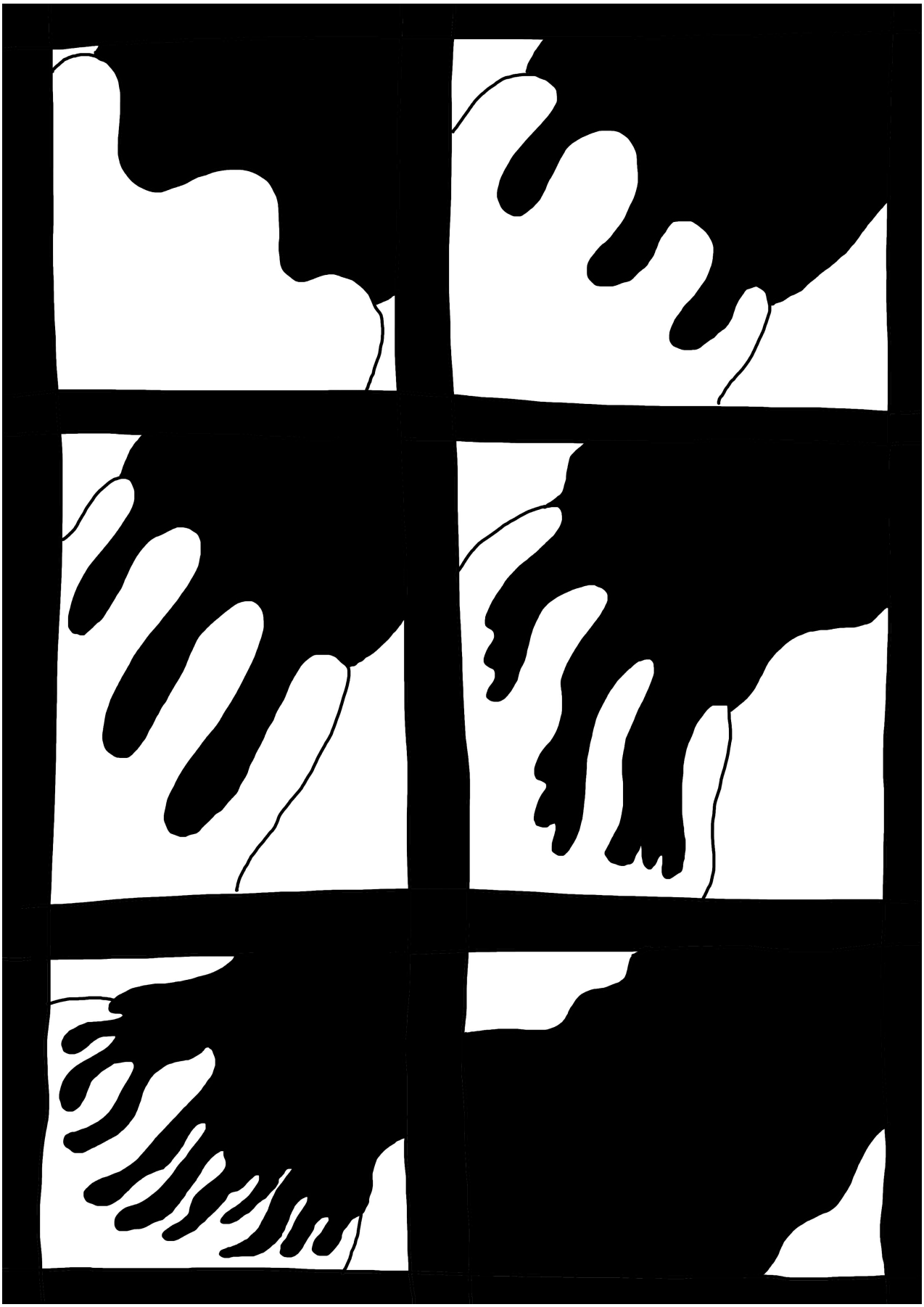
No se si existe un cielo, pero de existir
vos te lo mereces seguro

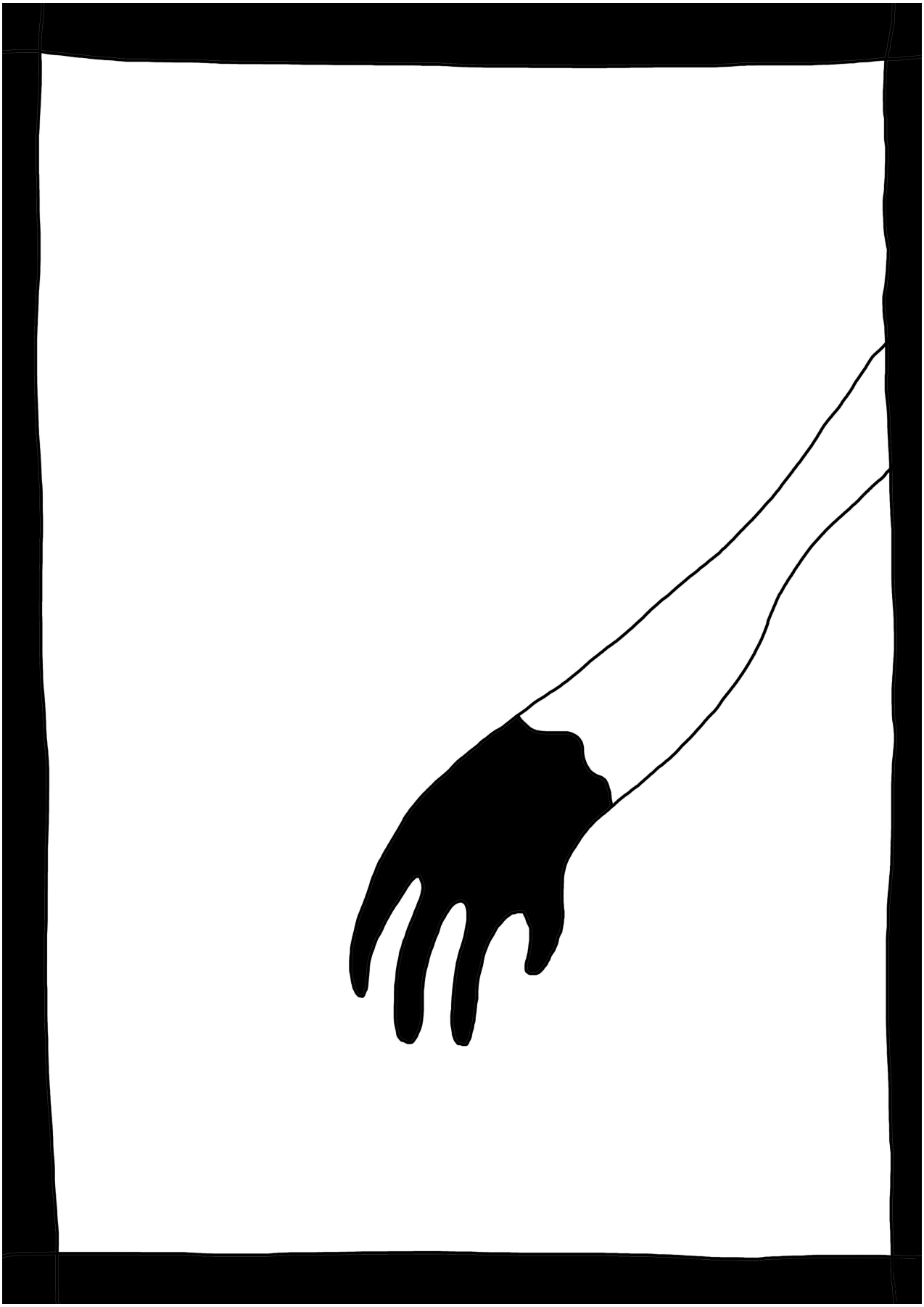


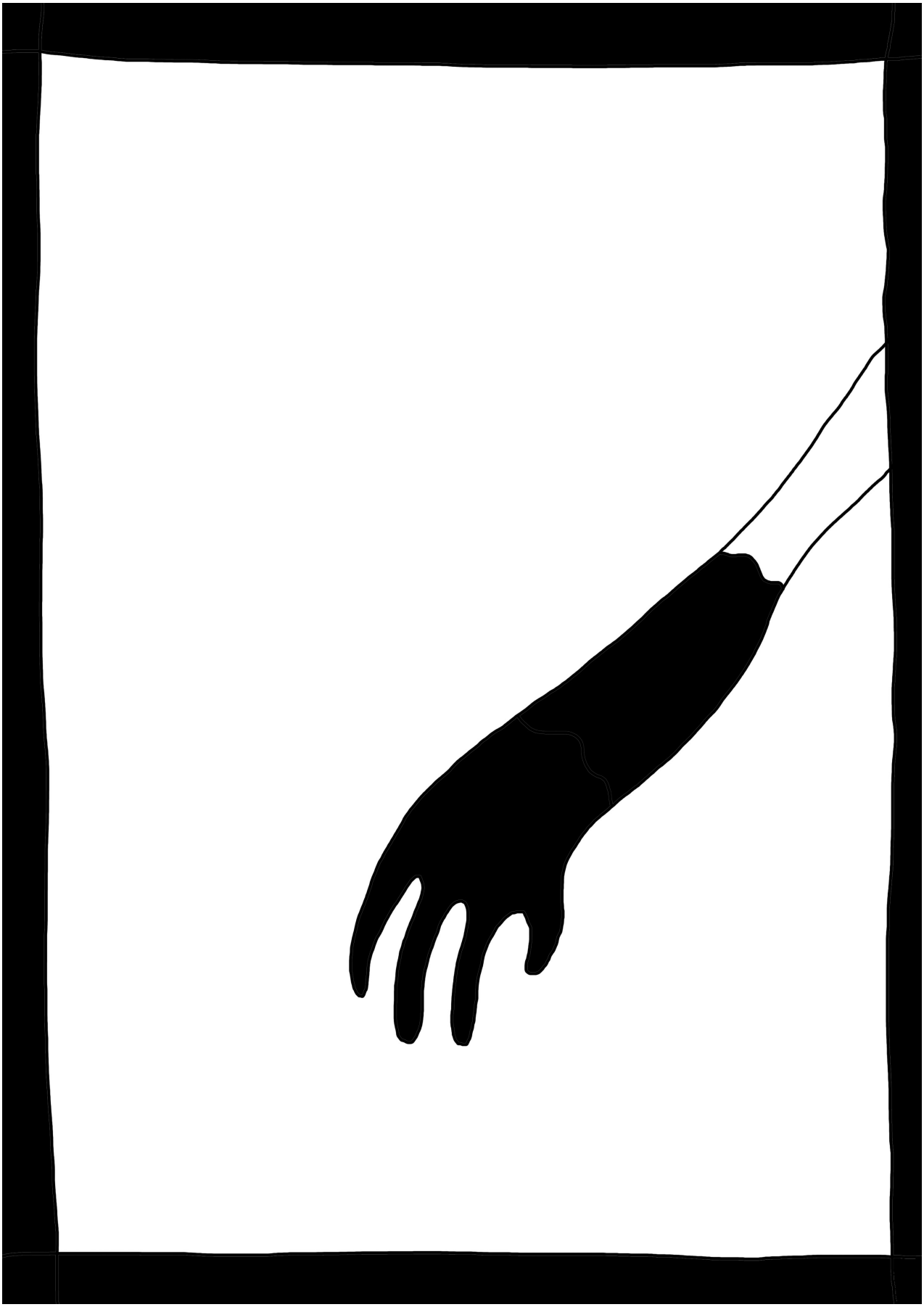


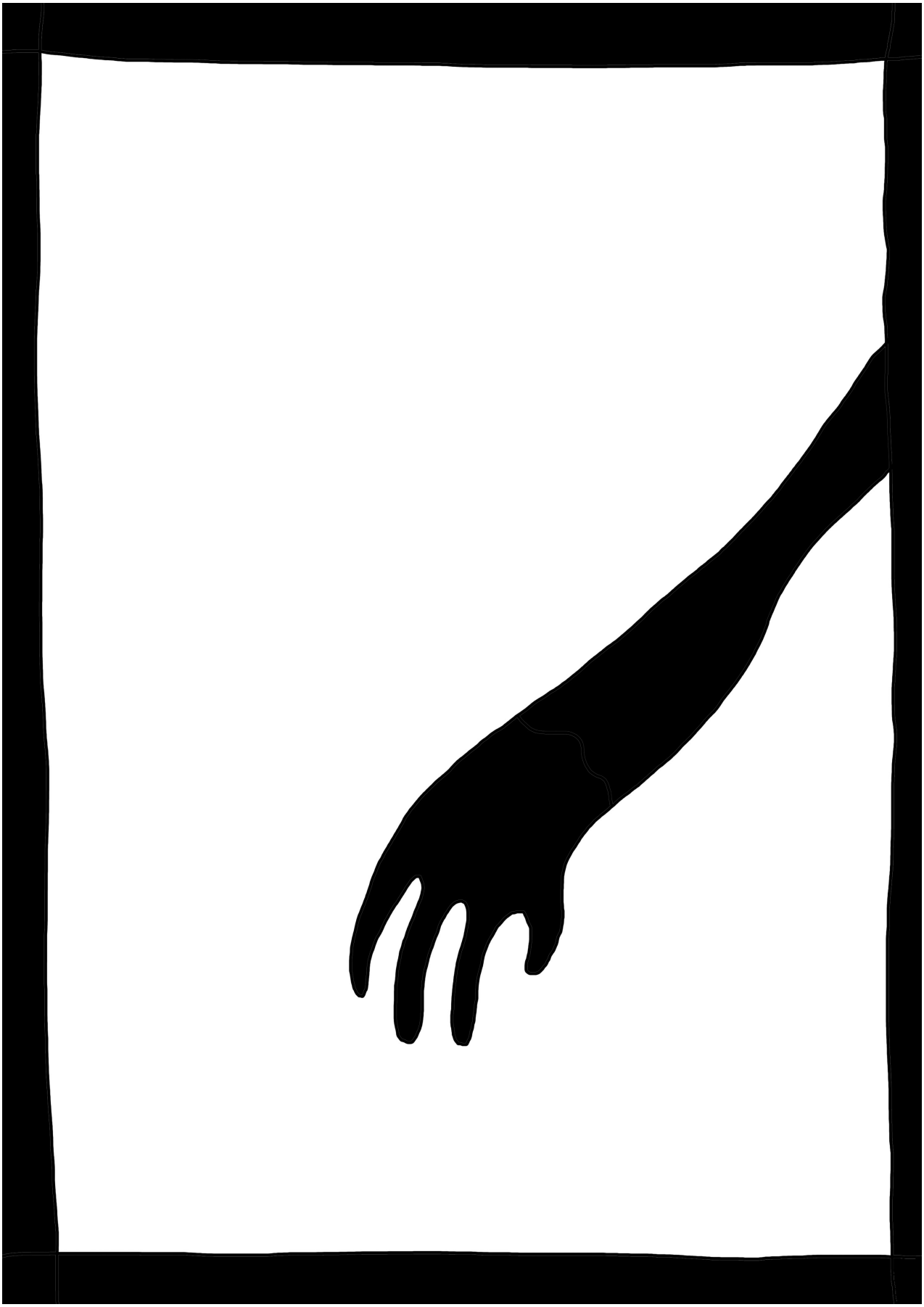


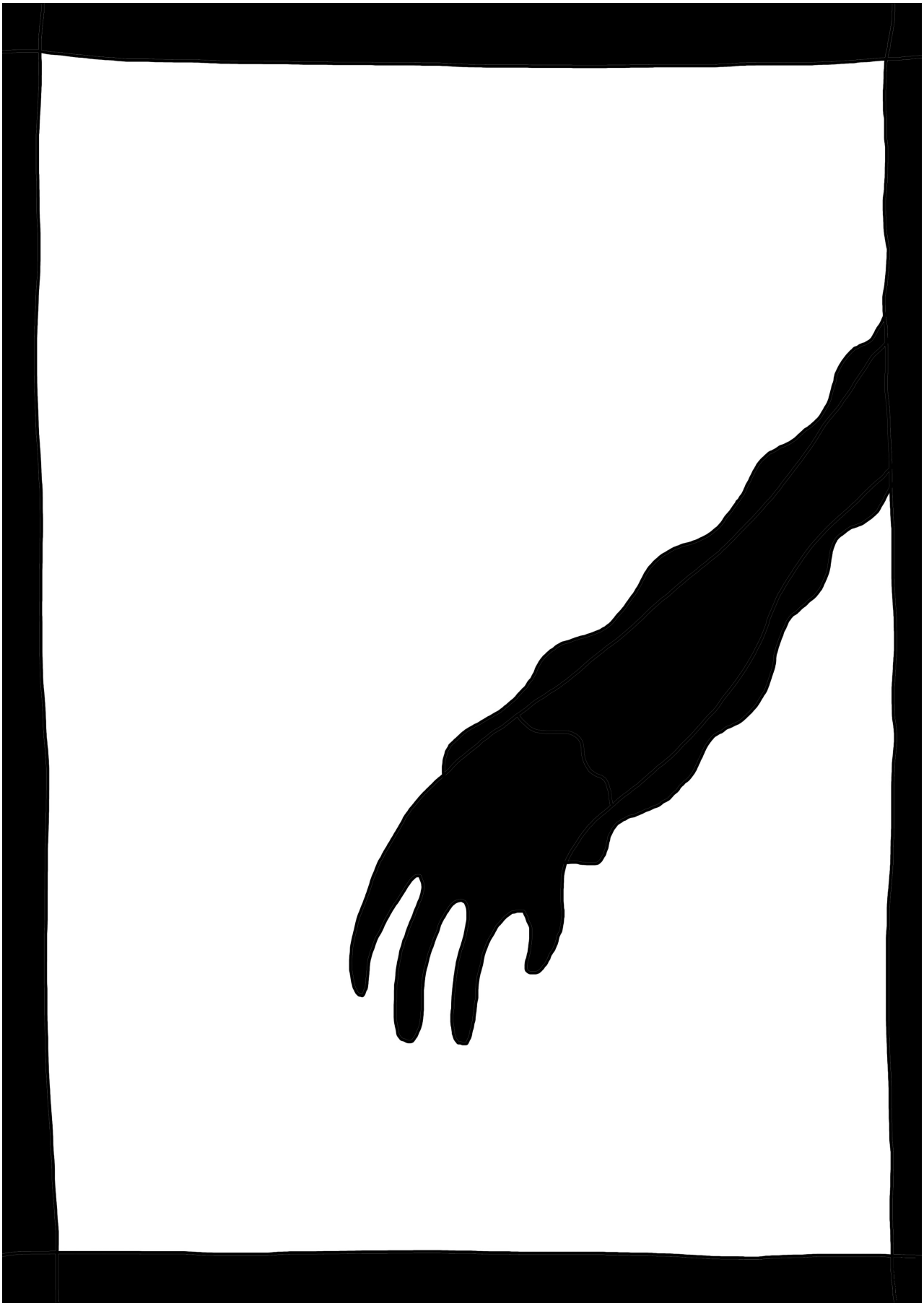


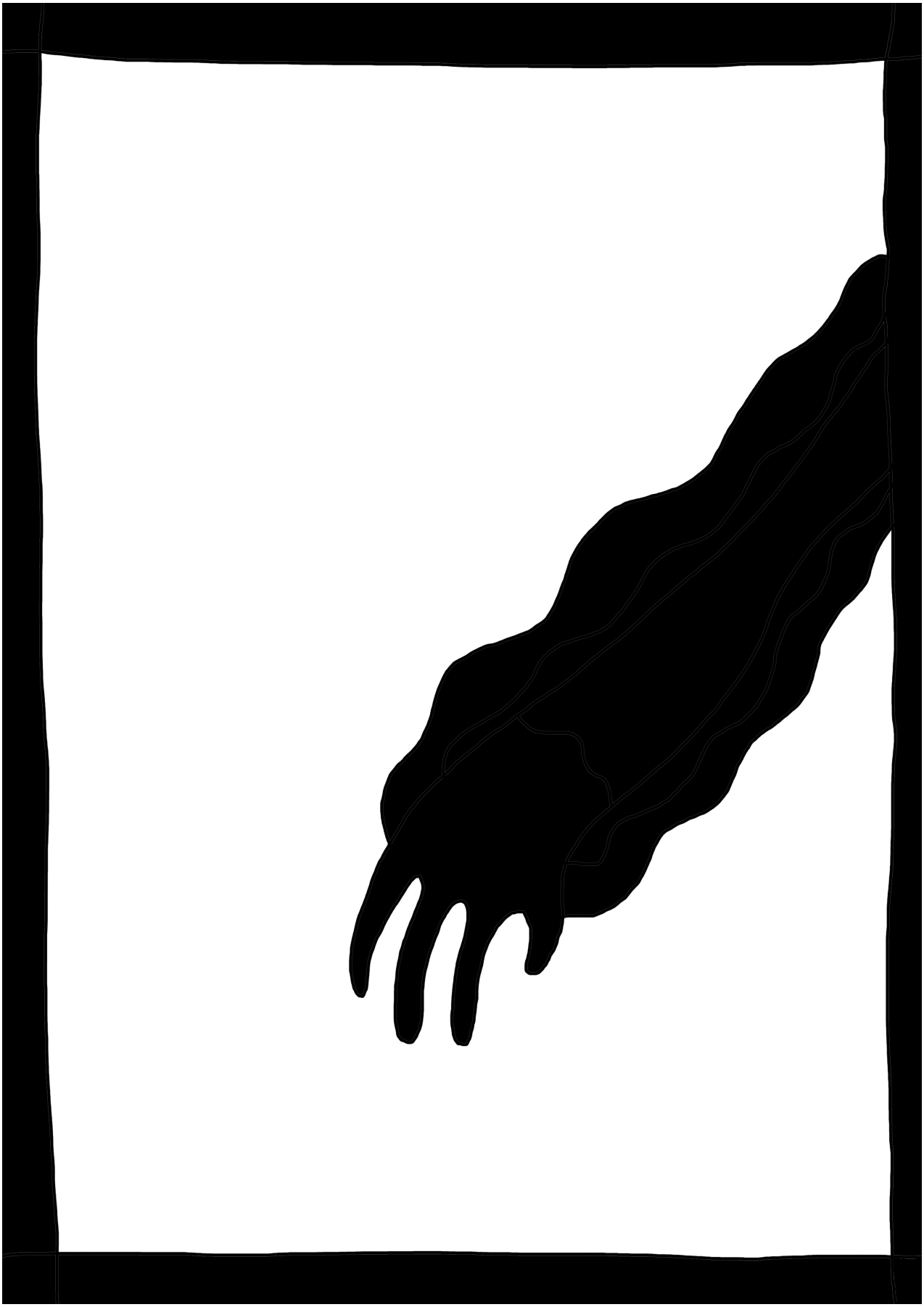


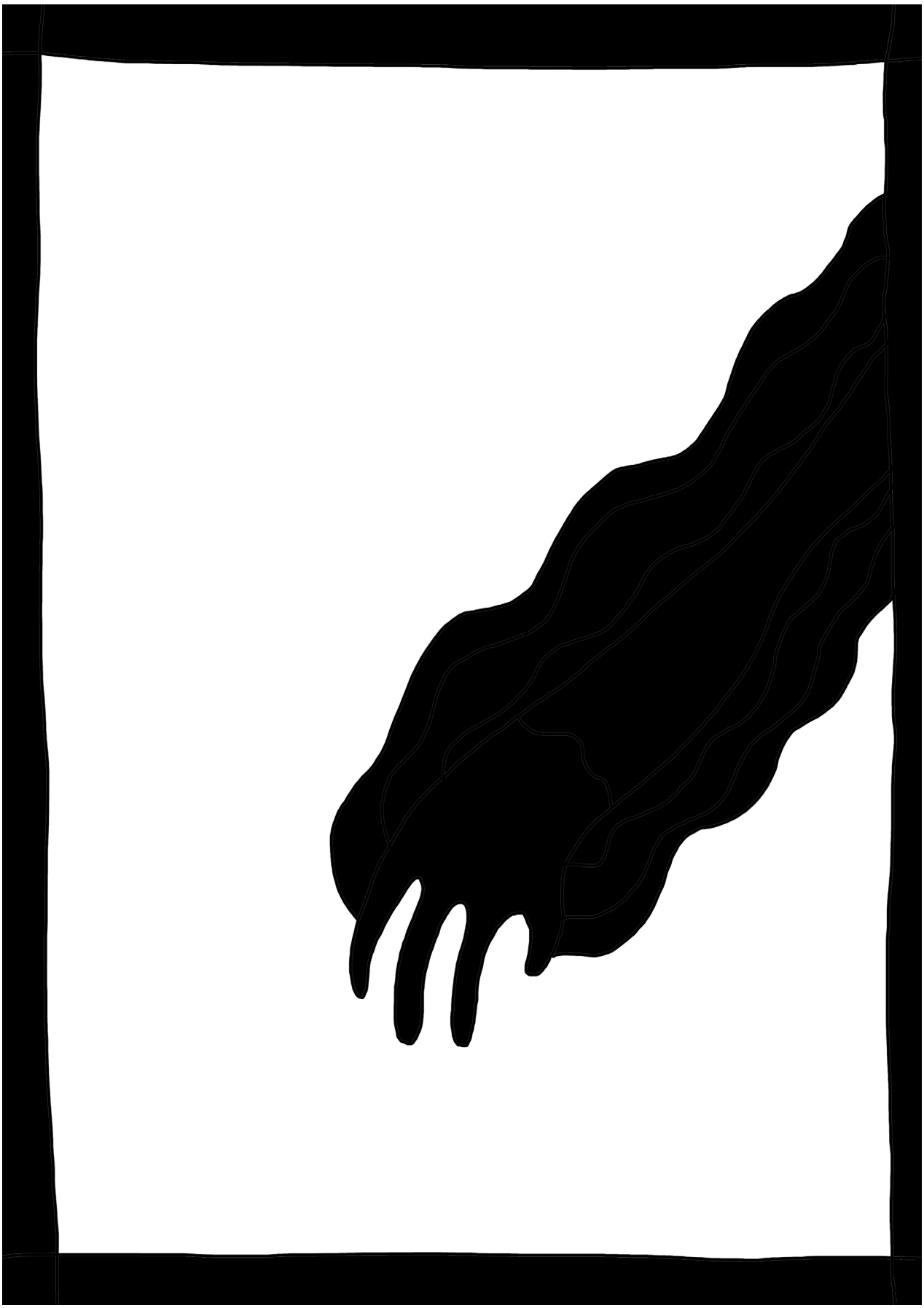


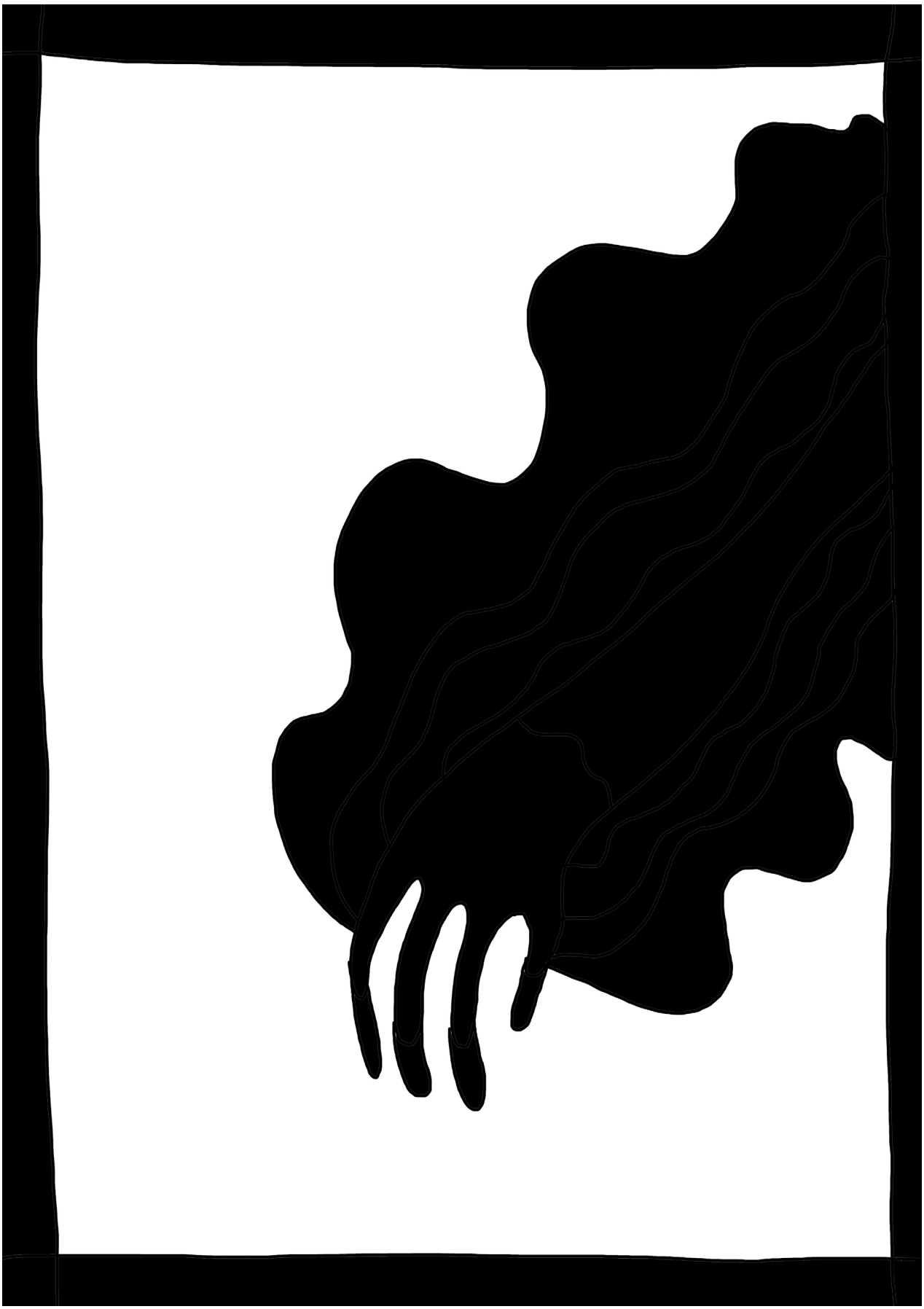


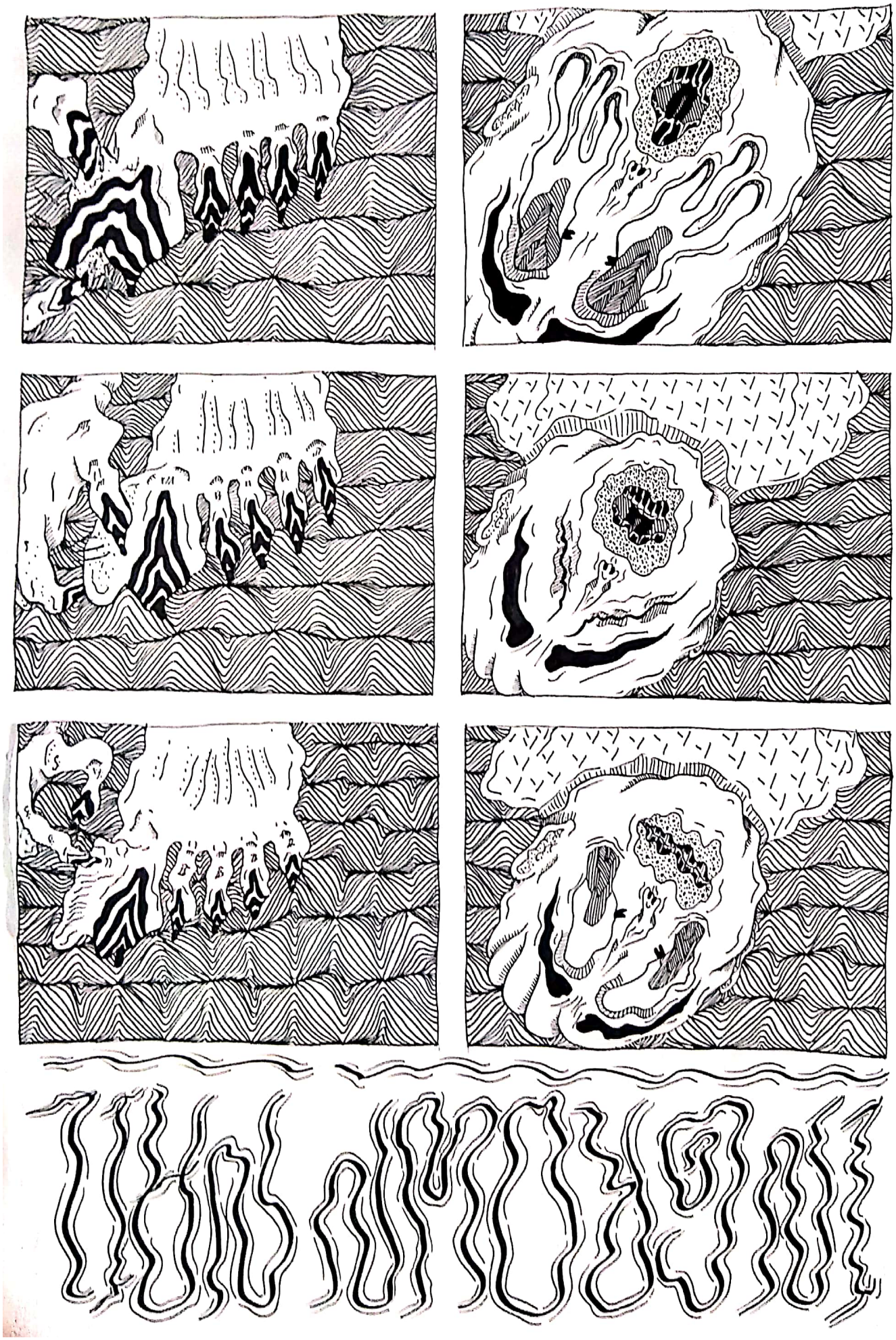


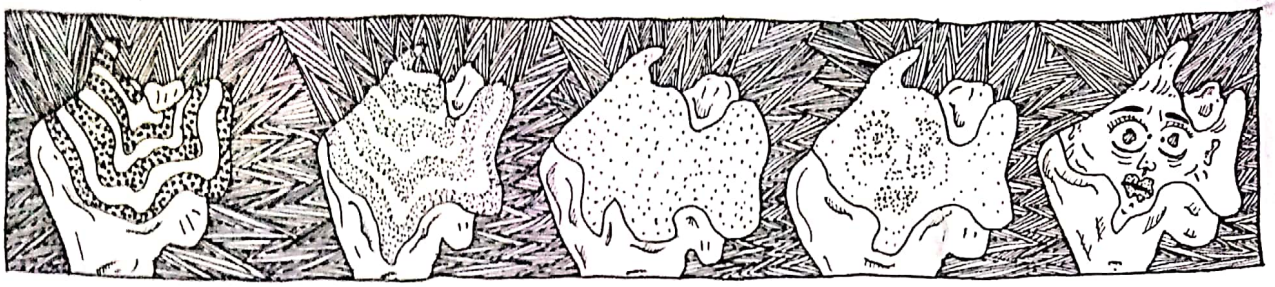








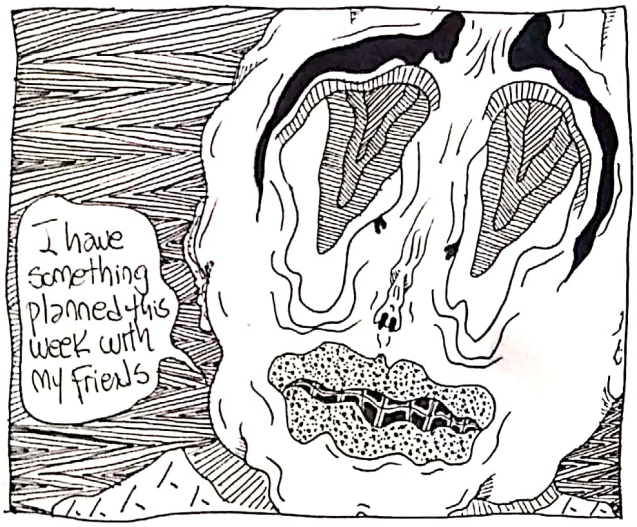




Hi daughter, How are you?

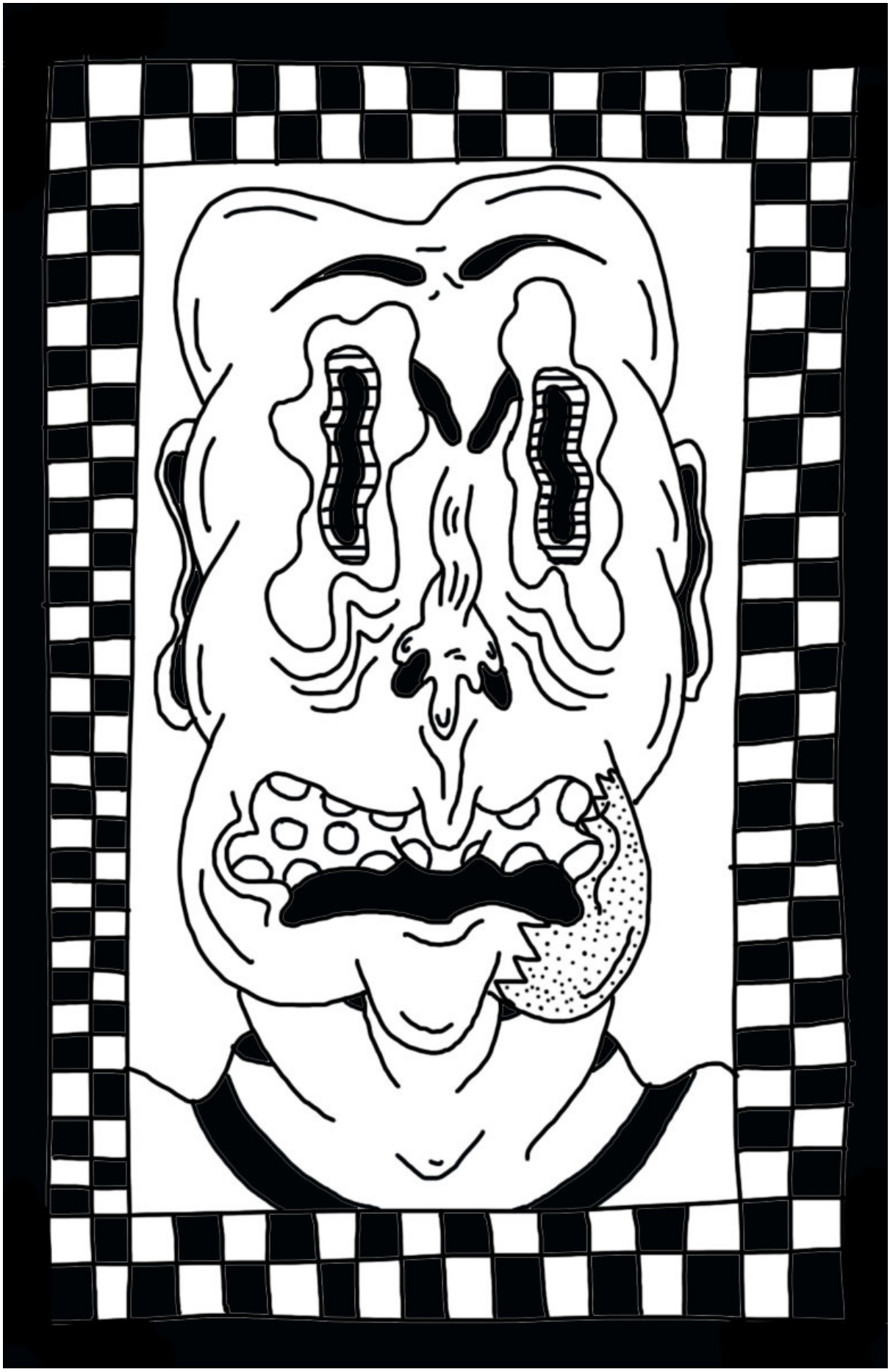
Hi?
MoM?
What?

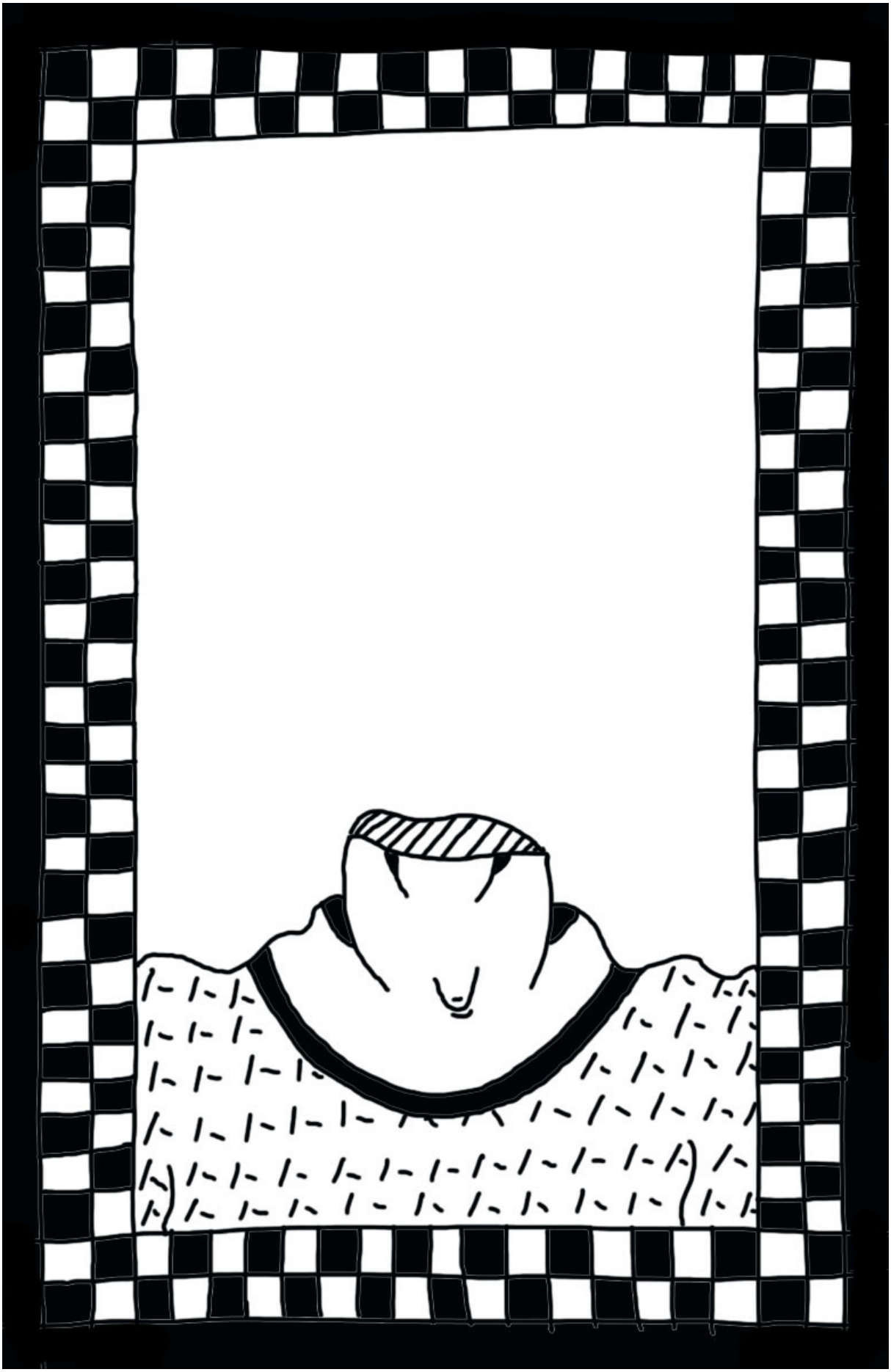
When are you gonna come visit, Stay a few day, I'm all alone in here

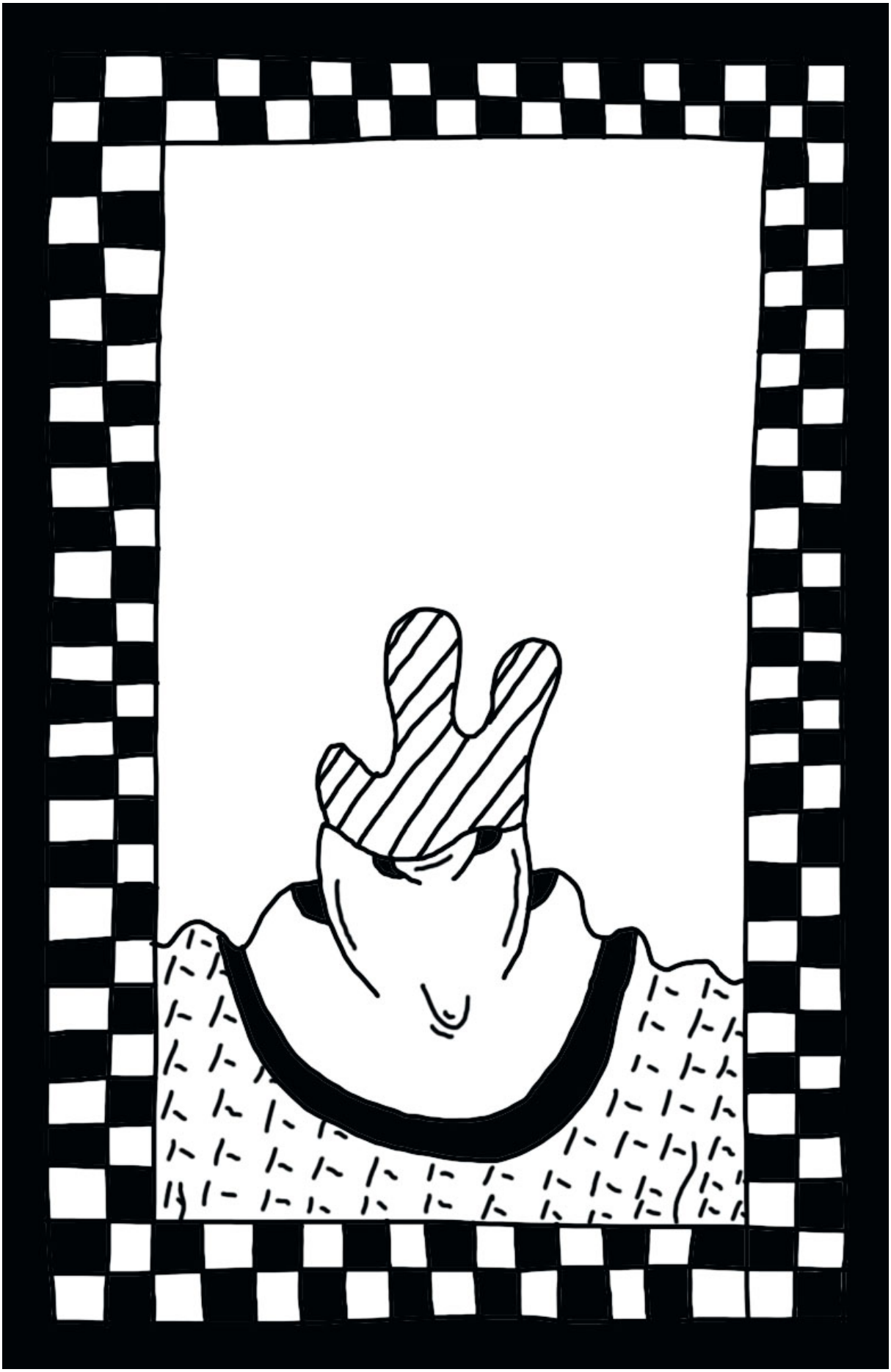

I have something planned this week with my friens

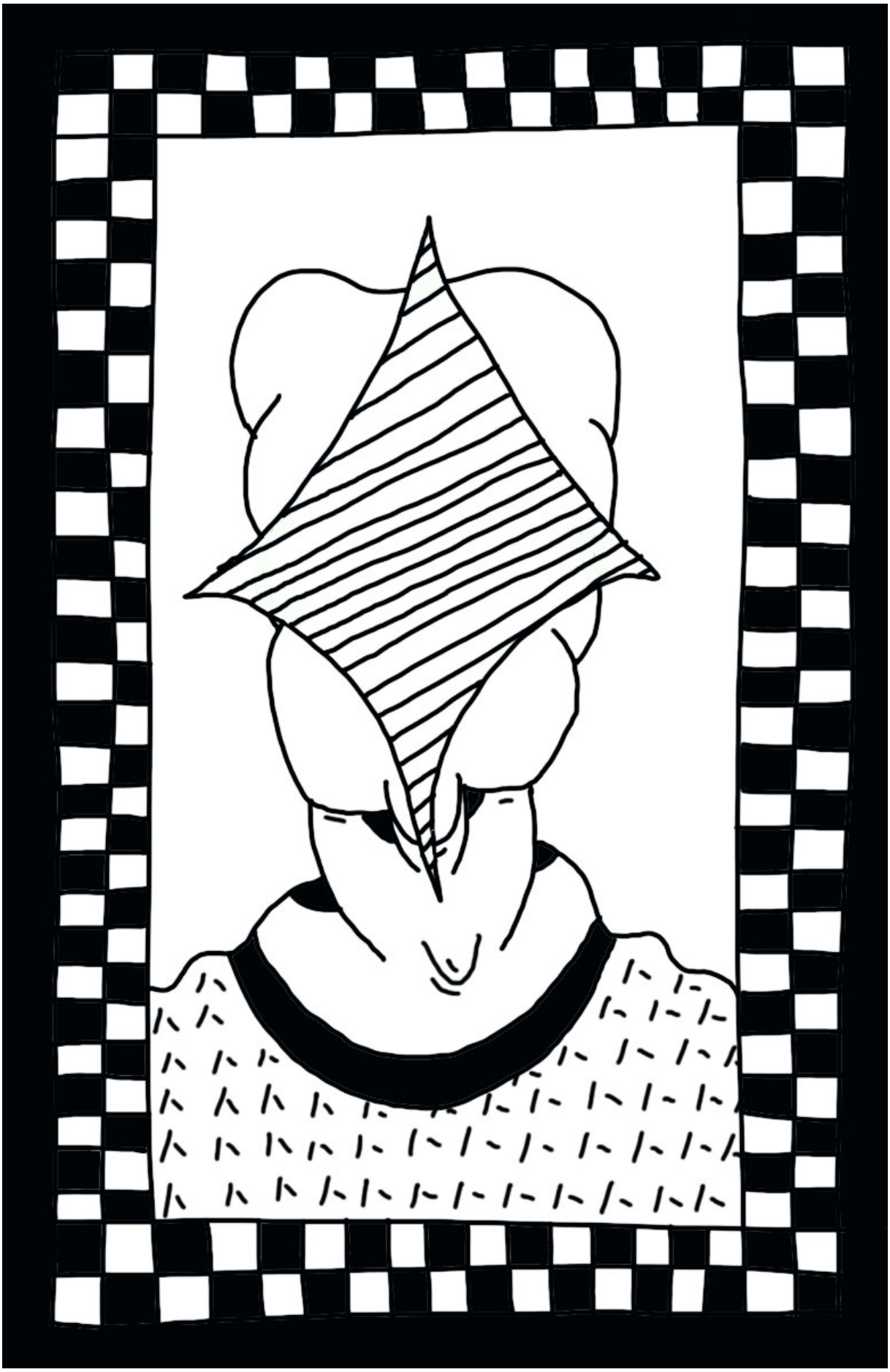
you always choose your friends before me, you are the only thing I have

I don't mom I just Trying to live my life



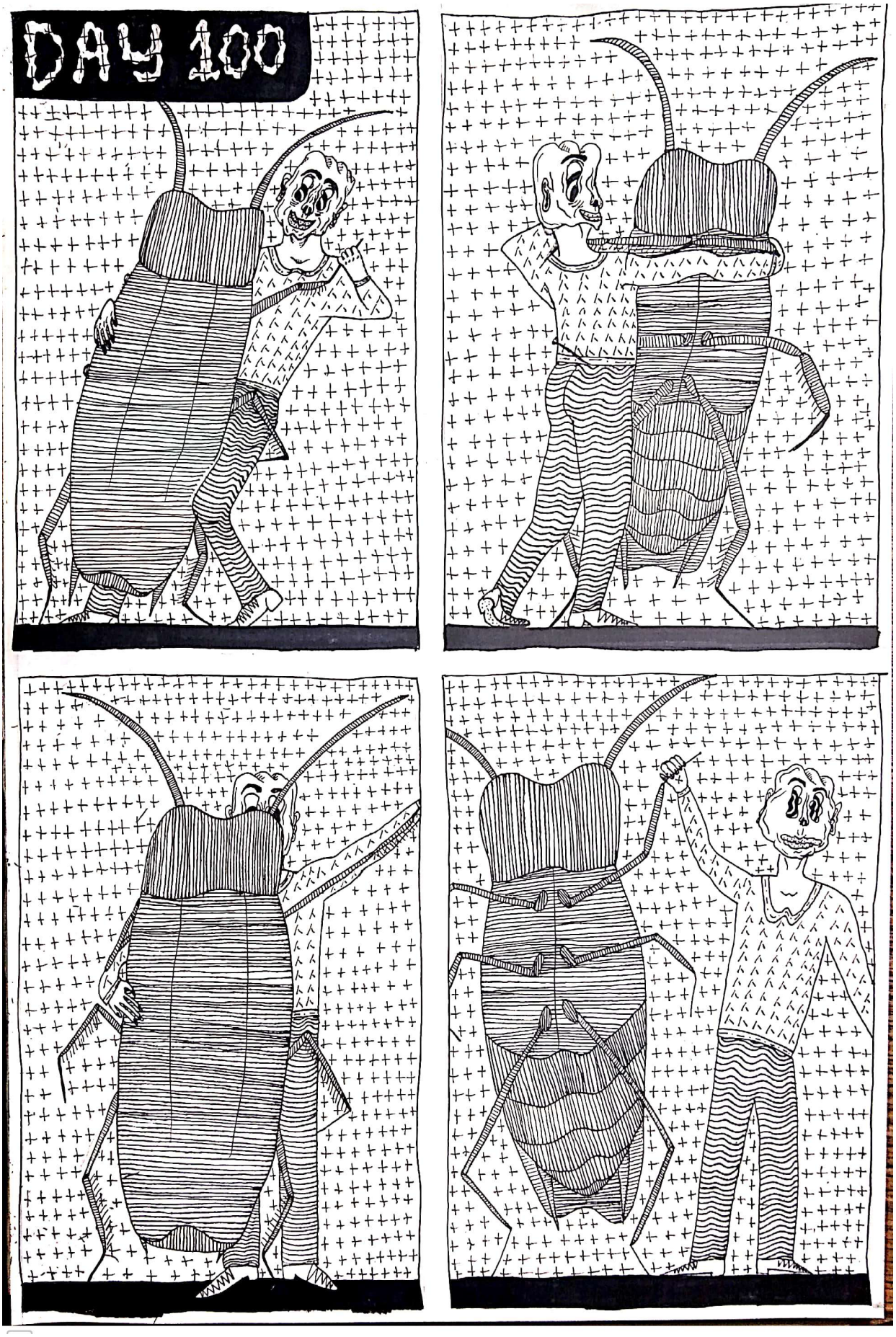
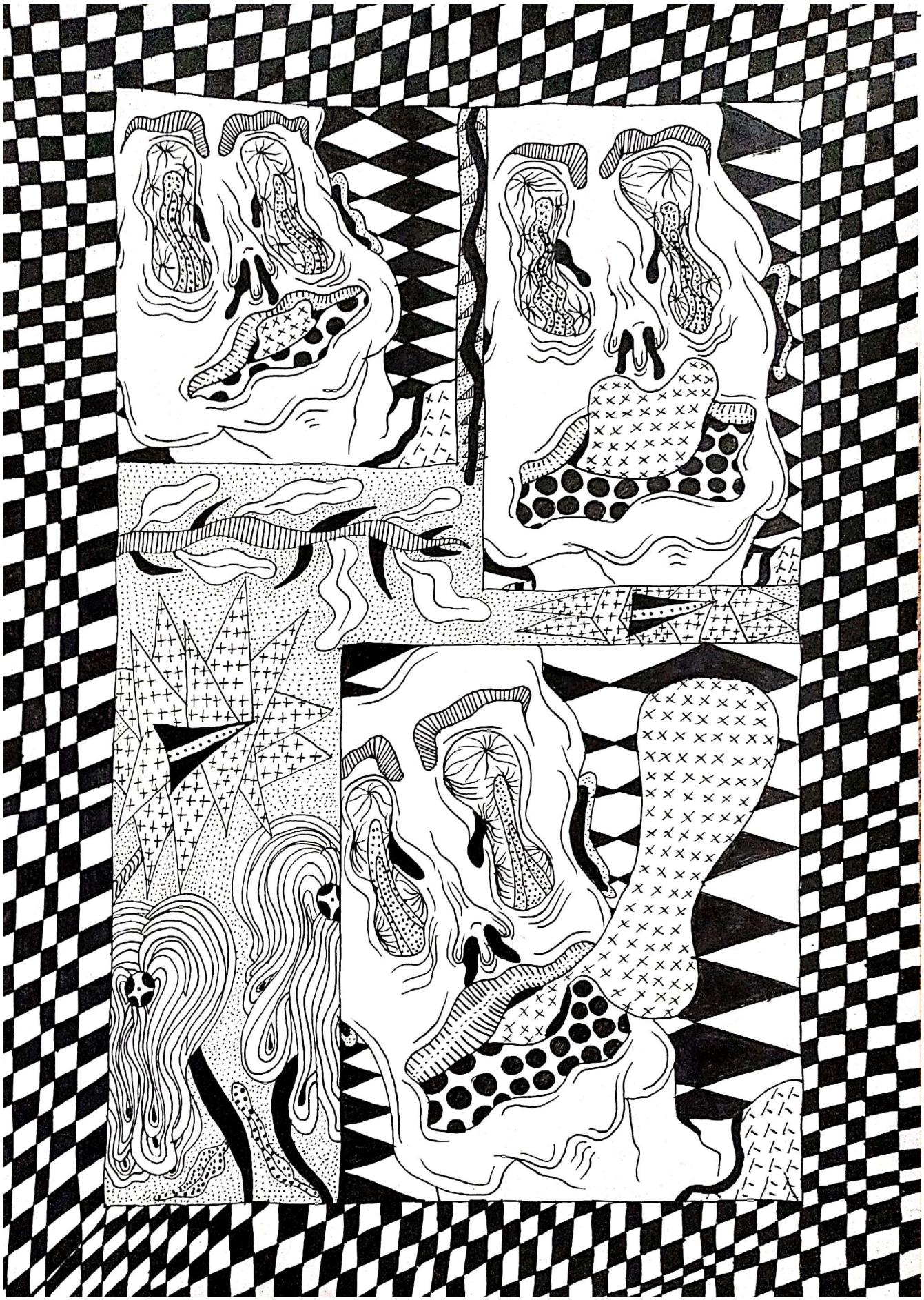
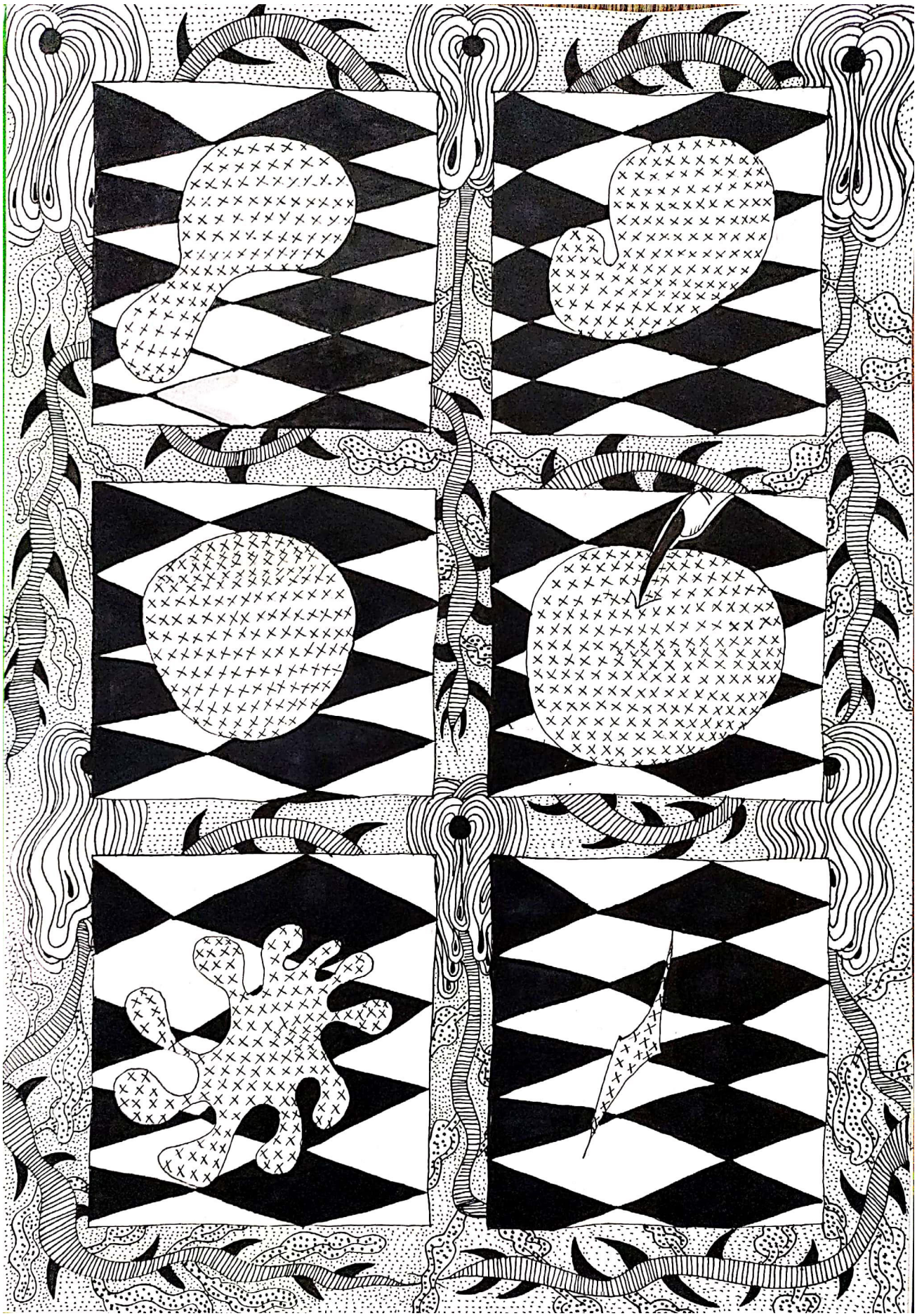
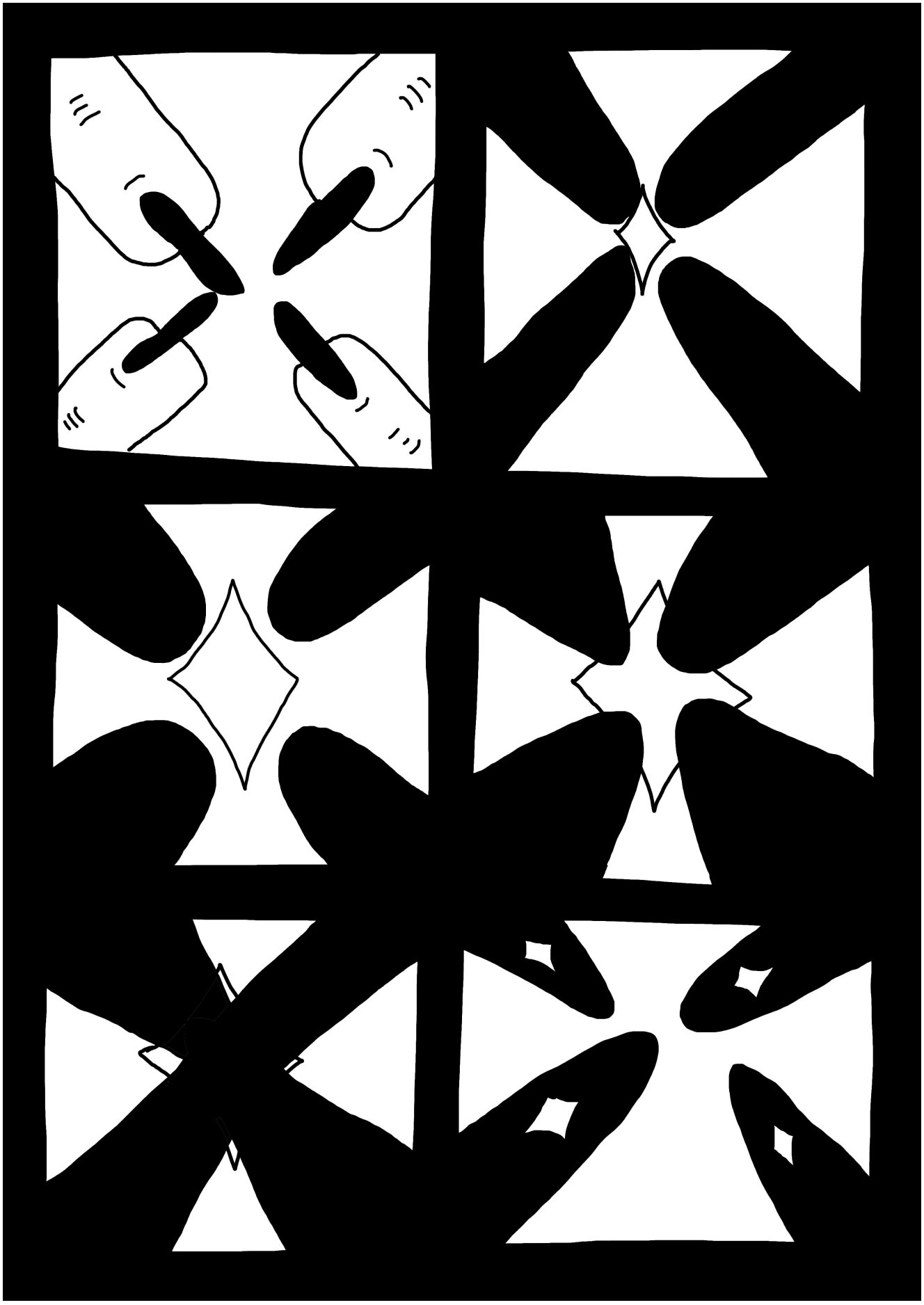
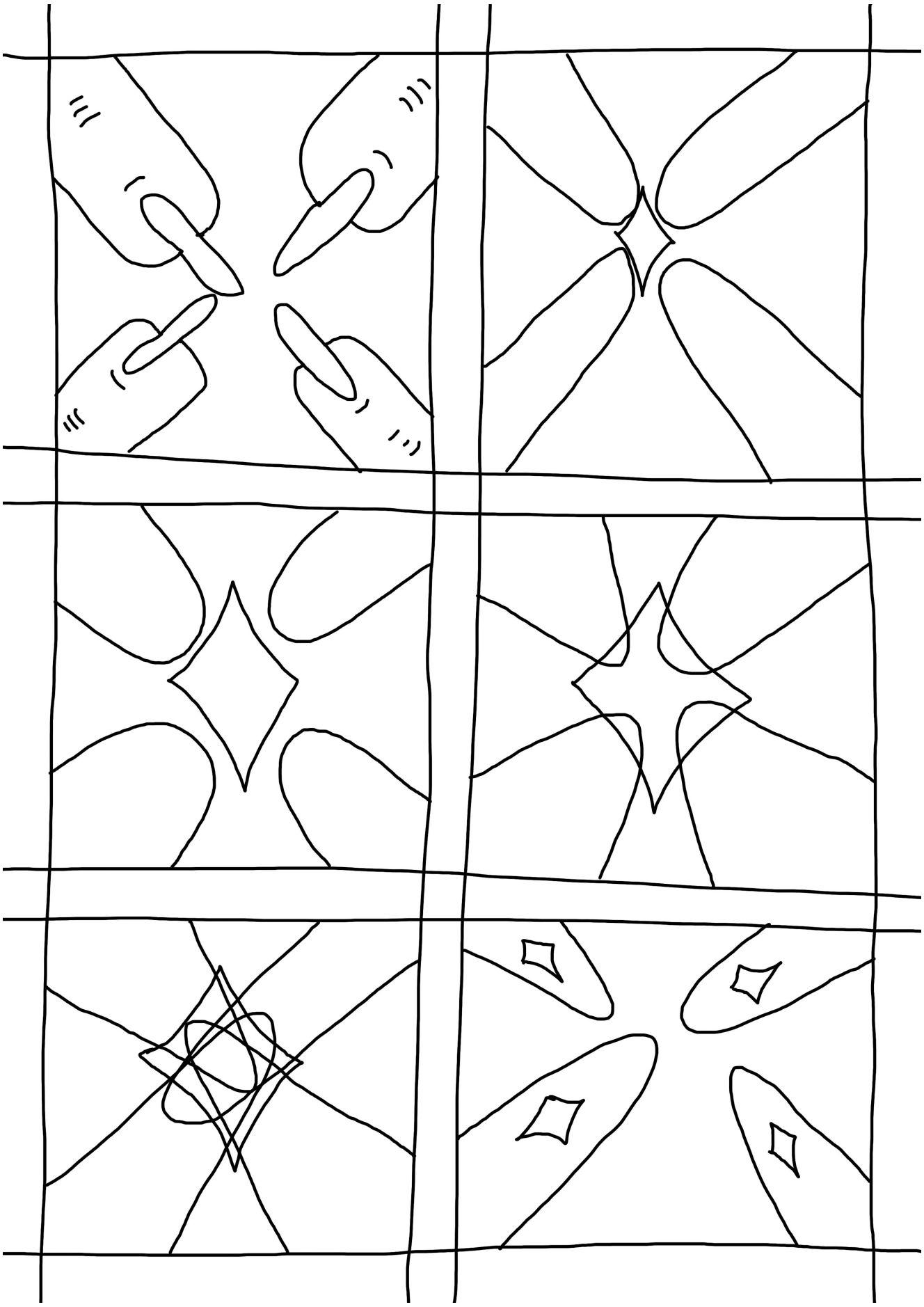






LETTER FOR MY FATHER

DAY 1
OHNO A COCKROACH!
AAAAAAH!
HELP!


DAY 100